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THE COW-BOY'S SONG.

BY NADELL D. CRISE.

There, as we ride the mountain range,
In the last flash of sunset we see,
We heard the tinkling of the cattle bells,
And, oh! as we see they rise in sight—
Brindle and Surrel, Switch and Broken Horn,
Then, as we ride the mountain range,
Upon the breeze is mellow sounding song—
The simple accents of the cow-boy's song.

All day among the grasses cows!
I've herded yer, my sweet-hearted cows;
Now between and the will willing pail.
Ye cannot always feed and browse,
Ye must be milked, ye must be milked,
Stand steadily with the milking pail.

All night the glistening dews will fall
On grass and ferns and cool green boughs;
To-morrow ye shall have them all,
But now, but now, ye must be milked,
Stop yer yo, Dobbin and Silky Tail,
Stand steadily with the milking pail.

The harvest bends their supreme way,
The farmer's wife impatient grows;
Over the slopes we've lingered long,
Trip, trip along, my cronies cows,
Ye must be milked, ye must be milked,
Stand steadily with the milking pail.

Ye all are tired, and I am too,
The hour is late, the twilight grows;
Maud, ye know, is my sweetheart true,
Hurry along, my lazy cows,
Yee up, Dobbin and Silky Tail,
Stand steady with the milking pail.

The rude song feebly fell, but still was stood,
While the cow-boy's voice was heard,
Until it faded through the darkening wood,
Lost with the tinkling of the cattle bells;
And then, as slowly down the path they wind
Toward the farmhouse, in the pleasant vale,
Mingled with sounds of the milking pail,
Oh Heed, the cow-boy, did the milking pail.
We could but smile at the rude lover's haste,
To see his sweetheart and her milking pail,
And yet it had a tenderness that graced
The day's departure down the gloaming West.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

BY LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE FOUR MYSTERIES" AND "THE SCARLET," "THE HIDDEN HOME," "BOOT'S SECRET," "THE HOSPITAL OF LIFE," "THE BLACK MUSKET," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

FISTY BANTAM: HIS IDEAS AND PROSPECTS.

Many strange scenes of Fisty Bantam and his men into the wicked grotto in which Will, Hawley and his friends had previously taken refuge, both Will and Capt. Dongal shrank deeper into the shadows in which they were hidden, and the madman did likewise.

"Make yourselves comfortable, my lads," said Fisty Bantam, as he seated himself upon a projecting rock, and took a draft of the contents of the grotto; "have something to say to us—quite a speech, in fact, to make to your worships."

The forty-one runaway convicts—for every man of them was present—drew themselves upon the rocky floor of the grotto in a variety of curious attitudes, and looked up to listen to their leader.

"You don't know me, my friends," he resumed, as soon as a general attention was accorded him. "My name may not be the one given me by my parents. I am not aware that I ever had any name in particular; 'tis neutral. It's presumable that my name was left to the neighbors, or to strangers; and if I ever chose to go more closely, as others my lords and ladies, the fact has escaped my recollection. But I'm a man of ideas, and of prospects, and a pair of good, stout fists to support it. What's more to the point, I am your chosen leader, even as you are my chosen followers, and I intends to lead you on to fortune. By fact, I have put to this island in quest of a fortune, as you shall soon hear."

"Not a bad!" broached Dongal, in Will's ear.

"This confirms what I told you about the leadership business."

"They're boys for a fortune," he chuckled the madman. "Ha, ho! Here's another man who has his wits! Here's another Jolly Rowling! This island is certainly becoming the general hospital of all the Bedlamites in creation!"

Fisty Bantam took a drink of brandy from a pocket flask, and continued:

"Like yourselves, my gentle babies, I was sent into this world with a large amount of qualification, talent, or what not—the knack of getting a living at somebody else's expense. Wherever I've been, and whatever has been my lot, I've never been without at all my varying fortunes, that the world owes me a living, and that it is my duty to see that every one is mine, provided I can get my fingers upon it to lift it, and a corresponding number of others under it to carry it off. I never could and I'd scorn to borrow. I merely take what—ever belongs to me, wherever I finds it. By this system I avoid all disputes with strangers.

"I was a waterman in London not many generations ago, my amiable parentage. That's as much as to say that I was a member of that ancient and honorable corporation, the Watermen of the Thames. If any man wants to go ashore from a ship lying in the Thames, 'tis the immemorial privilege of a waterman to carry him, and charge him six pence for the service. If any man wants to come aboard a ship, even to the commander of a ship, who may have a dozen sailyers under their orders. In like manner, if any man desires to be put from the shore to any ship in the stream, 'tis the watermen aforesaid who is concerned and encouraged to take him up and set him down. But the profession of the watermen of the Thames, my sweet pilgrims, is not of late years what it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth; I've stands around all day sometimes without getting a drink of gin out of it; laws, as is everything else, have come, constables and policemen have spelled everything, and hence I did not make enough on the Thames to permit me to buy everything lying upon the two sides of it. At that ill fortune I was mad. I continmered, therefore, that I would go to the Americas, where I was carefully watched by others, and at length I picked up a ride that another man wanted more than I did. The result of this little disagreement was that I botanized for Botany Bay.

"There were a few complications in my case, my docile bulldogs, and my botanical studies were to end only after a long term of years. All this occurred before '46, of course. The government does not send us to Botany Bay since. The colonies won't have us now, none of them, neither in East Australia, nor in South Australia, nor in Van Diemen's Land. They are too good for us, or we are too bad for them, which amounts to about the thing, in my way of thinking.

"I've had a variety of fresh air and of wholesome sports, my striped bunters, and just a reader of books, and a student of men, since the treatment I received from the government. Having emigrated from my native land, I naturally emigrated from Australia, and continued to emigrate and perigrinate, until all traces of me was lost in the great abysses of motion and circumlocution.

"I've been a pirate, my lads, and that very sort of pirate in Hong Kong, with a style of general rum that my soul and body hung together only by the skin of my bones. The prodigal son, with his 'husks' regularly served, was a swaller in comparison. An American man-of-war happening along, I undicted as a British subject, looking at it in such capacity, and the next day found myself in the calaboose of Hong Kong. The captain of the pirates who were then also there, affecting every foot of the East Indies.

"You all know, my gentle heads, what it is to be a sailyer. 'Tis to be a dog encased in a rigid pushion, with a tin kettle appended, and to be everlastingly on the jump, to a grand chorus of 'Lor'!' Now I was a sailyer disgusted with the lot of a sailyer, is to talk, in a manner of speaking, of mutiny. I was that observing, for the reason that I loves speech as all too cold and meaningless to describe the sailyer's condition.

"That little quine o' mine, however, had an advantage. I owes more to the fortune of which I've dropped some hints before and since having a knowledge of.

He took another drink from his flask, and then continued, with a chuckle, as he looked at the madman, redoubled their attention:

"After cruising a long time in the Indian Ocean, we finally fell in with a corpse of British men-o'-war, who seized our help in repairing down a pirate. This pirate, it seemed, had just captured the *Herald*, an American merchantman, and had put the crew, as well as passengers, great number, aboard Arnaut, who had with him a big fortune of a million pounds, or more, in gold, amounting to several pounds, my royal pensioners. This fortune had been seized by the pirate, and Mr. Arnaut and the rest escaped from the *Herald* in their boats, and away they came the pirate with all o' that money. Our American ship of war captured the pirate, and all of the sailyers, and away we all sailed for Hong Kong in pursuit of the pirate, the mode for this island of Desolation. How the pirates were suddenly attacked by the three crimmers, and how they were all killed, after a long and savage bout that lasted almost two days and nights.

"But the pirates had buried their million of money on this island, the master of the sailyers by the three crimmers, and the whole lot of us to get track of the great merchant's money. It happened in this way, my fascinating quines: Toward the last of the fight, when I, as a good American sailyer, was making for the wicked pirates, sword in hand, I came across the body of Mr. Arnaut, the owner of the gold, and left for dead—as I was then, in fact, dying. He proved to be an old acquaintance—was a bad lad he was, Arnaut, and with whom, while lounging upon the docks, I had sometimes associated. We knew each other at a glance, and as there had allus been the best o' feeling between us, he put me, just after a few remarks, just where the money lay, and I promised him, for want of a better, that if he would not allow me to die I would put a tree when you touch it with your fingers."

A great sensation ran through the assignment, not only on the part of the runaway convicts, but also on the part of Will and his friends.

"And you have known, all these ten years past, where that million o' dollars is buried?" said Will, with a look of astonishment.

"I have, my gentle pilgrim."

"And you've never been here to get it?" continued the excited Sailyer.

"Never, Mr. Dickory Dock," explained Bantam, "for the simple reason that I owed the State some services; to horror an idea from the sweet band of Avon, and the State insisted upon my paying up. In other words, the American ships-o'-war aboard of which I was a sailyer fetched up in Australia before I had a chance to desert her, I was bound to leave her, of course, the minute she touched land, and leave her I did, although 'I was well aware of the risk I was running."

"And you were recaptured—landed—"

"You describe my misfortune, Dickory, as well as if you had witnessed it. I was basely nabbed, but I was held in such close custody that I couldn't get away. I was sent to the hulks, and after I'd spent about fifteen years I could carry that leg out of doors. But time, which occasionally makes changes, at last gave me a chance to recover my lost liberty, and at the same time found my employer on the land, and I availed myself of the occasion to make my bow and those great interests."

"This happy change in my lot took place about a year ago, my bounding sinners, and you all know the project I have been carrying on since that joyous deliverance. I have been gathering you as so many valintines to a feast. The first point of this conspiracy was to leave Australia—to escape, to vanish, to disappear, and that point I've gained. The next was duly accomplished by setting the *Seamew* and in sailing to this island. The next thing in course is for us to dig up those buried millions!"

"It may have been dug up already, in the course of all these years, while you have been away from it, Fisty Bantam," said the fellow who had before spoken, and who, it appears, answered to the name of Dickory Dock.

Fisty Bantam shook his head.

"I won't say the thing's impossible," he responded. "It's sensible to say that there's not the least likelihood of it. The pirates were all killed, but it is likely this one of them had either time or inclination to remove the treasure from the island. There was only because my plying pirate recognized the spot where it was buried, and I was the only man who knew it—like master, like pupil, another: 'tis mine alone."

"How are all hands, Fisty Bantam?" said Dickory Dock. "Are you all right?"

"He cost us several of our best selves, and several more would have hanged every one of us, in case of his living to give it. And now we've only eight pair, and not enough to man the loss of the *Dancr*, and about the condition of the provisions, powder, or what not, the only thing we have to fear is the arrival of a ship of war, for we've got the best craft in the world to take good care not to destroy this pleasing supposition. In this way, the first point we can count on for safety is that we've got a fast, new, armored sea-hucks, if we don't run out of coal.

"The next item is the least prospect of our being able to get away from this island for life. If I should remain idle, I'm interpretest of my twenty-five hundred dollars a year pension, and if I should go to work I'd discourage my pursuits. And, as the time that is five or six years old principal and interest would run together. I must either accept your kind offer, and take an interest with you in this business, using my money for the new furniture, and so forth, or else I must buy out your little millinery business or a brand and needle store. Certain it is that I must have my share of the profits, or I'll never know that his poor pupil is gone from us forever."

"Quite right, dear. I will assist you in every way I can, whatever you may decide upon. But I do know you will decide to take an interest with me. I do not believe you can do better."

The response of Mrs. Hawley—if she intended to make any—was interrupted by the entrance, after a very unsatisfactory knock, of Jenny, who, as usual, bore between her thumb and finger a letter, which she handed to Mrs. Hawley.

"Mr. Henry Jilson, with Duncan, Sherman & Co., bankers," read the young mother aloud, with a sudden pallor and a visible tremor, "Please call at your bank, which Mr. Moody came here, to announce my husband's death to me. Please call at your bank." The reading of these strange words without all this emotion. The sight of a card from a stranger gives me a shock."

"You do not know this Mr. Jilson, then?" asked Mrs. Pipe.

"Not in the slightest degree. I will see him, however. I will see you shortly, my gentle benefactor, except Captain Pedder. Tell the gentleman, Jenny, that I shall be down in a moment."

The girl withdrew.

"There's nothing more to pain me," murmured Mrs. Hawley, as she arose and shook out her dress skirt and bestowed a few artful touches upon her hair. "Yet this call makes me nervous, and I wish it were over. There is a disagreeable air to step into a habit of so cold water."

"You are nervous, dear. If you like, I will go down with you."

"Thank you. Come."

Mrs. Piper pausied her arm through the young mother's, and they slowly took the stairs together.

Jenny met them in the hall.

"I forgot to tell you, Mrs. Hawley, that the gentleman has a friend with him."

"Oh, very well."

As the ladies entered the parlor, the two gentlemen arose and advanced with the air of such marked respect, and especially to Mrs. Hawley, that they were both struck more favorably.

"My card will have told you who I am," said the elder gentleman, with very proper poise of manner, "and I am sure you have read how, as in dear near to Mrs. Hawley, whose identity was perfectly indicated by her mourning robes. "I am Jilson, of Duncan, Sherman & Co., bankers, and this is my uncle's friend, Mr. Jilson, of Boston."

Ceremonious salutations were exchanged, and Mrs. Hawley, a formidable looking pocket-book from his breast pocket.

"I have a letter here for you, Mrs. Hawley," he continued, with that clear, rigid distinctness of manner and speech characteristic of his profession; "but before I deliver it—pardon me, you see I—I am only a few questions as accordance with very clear and distinct instructions from my uncle, Mr. Jilson, of Boston, bowing meeting house."

"Certainly," repeated Mrs. Hawley, and every line of Jilson's countenance softened her features.

"Mr. Jilson, Madam, I beg" said Mr. Jilson, placing a chair for her with a quick and graceful movement.

"Thank you," she responded.

Your late husband's name was William, I am sure?" resumed the banker's clerk.

Mrs. Hawley nodded dumbly, unable to speak.

"It was?" said Mrs. Piper emphatically.

"Yes, sir," said your late husband, Mr. Hawley, of the late Carmichael Arms?"

"Oh, he was!"

"Your Christian name was Laura?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your usual questions thus asked and answered," said Mr. Jilson smilingly, as he opened the pocket-book and took out a slip of letter, "I am now authorized to inform you, Mrs. Hawley, that I have the pleasure of bringing and delivering to you a letter from your husband, dated from Australia."

Everything seemed to reel around Mrs. Hawley. Her sight was blinded with tears, as she received the letter her husband from the hands of Mr. Jilson and hastily tore it open.

"He will wait, Madam, until you have read the letter," said Mr. Jilson, resuming his seat, and with a delicate consideration common to gentlemen, which will cause more properly always to have taken cognizance of the contents of it.

"From 'Uncle Tommy' at last!" murmured Mrs. Piper, as she held her lips to the letter.

"I know that there are good news within for you, dearest," said Mrs. Jilson, as she scattered the word Calcutta. Everything in a moment, and she read the letter for us, Mr. Jilson."

Mr. Jilson hastened to do so.

The letter was an exact copy of the one which Will had received from Australia by post-office, and had so ruthlessly destroyed, supposing it to be a forgery. It was read aloud, and received with every mark of interest.

The reading was interrupted repeatedly by the exclamations of Mrs. Piper, and by Jenny's conclusion, as the kind greetings of "Uncle Tommy" fell upon her hearing, and she restrained herself with difficulty from a shout of gratitude and joyous

"Oh! he lives! my dear uncle!" she murmured, as she held her apron to her eyes. "I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"

"And he ought to be here already," said Mr. Piper, "and I'm going to write him at once. There is a postscript, which I beg to read."

This postscript was as follows:

"P. S. I have sent an account of this letter through the general post-office, in order that it may reach you as soon as possible. Instructions for you to call upon Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., the bankers upon which I am about to exchange bills for the sum of one thousand pounds, and I have written to Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co.'s of New York, to pay you a clear one thousand dollars.

"J. A."

Mrs. Piper, in her excitement, had continued standing until this moment, but she now dropped into a chair as heavily as if the life deserted.

"Only a hundred thousand dollars!" she gasped. "Only a—a—a—Then I owe you, Mr. Jilson, a thousand dollars."

The turning flush of joy these words called to Mrs. Hawley's face was as marked as had been her previous paleness.

"And I venture to add upon my own account," said Mr. Jilson, with

MR. JILSON READING "UNCLE TOMMY'S" LETTER TO MRS. HAWLEY.

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another of his very polite bows, "that if you will do me the honor of inquiring for me, when you come to our house on business, I shall be most happy to extend to you that special attention and consideration our connection with the Lucindia has so decidedly proposed upon us."

"Thanks, Mr. Jilson—many thanks," said Mrs. Hawley, smiling through her tears. "I shall remember you, with great pleasure. I think you especially for bringing me such glorious news?"

"I regret that you did not have them sooner," said Mr. Jilson: "but we have had considerable trouble to find you. Your husband supposed you to be in New York, and that was all he knew about it. Your name, of course, was in the Directory, but it was unknown. None of the Hawleys we visited knew anything of your whereabouts. All this search has taken time. The letter sent by Mr. Ayamar to the general post-office was one of the unfortunate dilemma. It put us upon your track."

"In what way, please?"

"By the first date, the letter was advertised."

"I see."

"Yes, Madam, it was. The fact did not come to your notice?"

"No. The truth is, I have had little correspondence lately, and I have not been at all well since the news came of my husband's death. The fact of the letter's being advertised, has therefore naturally escaped my notice."

"I see, Madam. But it did not escape ours. We accordingly sent a messenger promptly to the post-office, not for the first time, but to make an arrangement for answering your address; but we were too late."

"Too late, sir?"

"The letter had been gone several hours."

"Gone, sir?"

"The clerk in charge of that particular delivery informed our messenger that you had been for your letter."

"Mr. Jilson, Mr. Jilson! I have never sent for it. Never until this hour have I known of the letter's existence."

"My friend here, Mr. Wilbur, suggested," said Jilson,—" had already come to this conclusion, from knowing you what you were not. The clerk informed us, therefore, that you had sent for your letter, and hence, as the fact, exhibited to us a written order for the letter—an order purporting to come from you, for it was signed Mrs. William Hawley."

"This is astonishing," repeated Mrs. Hawley. "As I did not even know of the letter's existence, I could not give any such order to have it. The order in question was forged, sir. Who can have been guilty of this crime?"

"We do not know who forged the order, Mrs. Hawley," said Jilson, still in the same voice of sympathizing satisfaction, "but we do know who got the letter."

"You do! Thank God for that! You are putting me on the track of a great piece of mystery. Who presented the letter at the post-office?"

"You will be surprised to hear the name, doubtless. The bearer of the forged order was Capt. Jake Fodder!"

"Jake! No! Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, turning pale, and then shaking back into her chair.

"There must be some mistake," protested Mrs. Piper.

"Not the least, ladies," said Mr. Wilbur, advancing a couple of steps. "Mr. Jilson has already informed you that I am a clerk in the post-office. The evidence I have against Mrs. Hawley, in this case, is therefore of the most direct character. I was present at the forenoon when the letter from your relatives advertised, I was at my post promptly, my post being the particular delivery to which Mr. Jilson has alluded. I had not been on duty a great while when the letter was called for. I looked out and recognized Captain Fodder. He did not know me, of course, but I knew him—"

"Knew him, beyond all doubt, Mr. Wilbur!" murmured Mrs. Hawley.

"I knew him, and knew him beyond all doubt, and for this reason: My father has been in poor health a long time, and a couple of years since he made a voyage to Australia in the *Flying Childers*, and I had occasion to see Captain Fodder repeatedly. He was at first at the office of his owners, Mundell & Co., in South street, and afterward on shipboard."

"I comprehend," murmured Mrs. Hawley, with a sudden brightening of her countenance.

"I comprehend," murmured Mrs. Piper, with a sigh, then, of the identity of Fodder with the forger, she did not comprehend.

"Perfectly; and it is needless to add that I hadn't the least suspicion of anything wrong. A registration having been made, however, that rendered an order necessary in the circumstances, I informed Captain Fodder of the fact, whereupon he drew an order from his pocket and handed it over, requesting that I was aware of the new registration, and had him sign the order in my book."

"And you have that order in question?"

"Here it is, Madam."

Mr. Wilbur placed the order in her hands, and she gazed at it with blended curiosity and horror.

"How like to my Hawley" is that of this signature!" she murmured. "And I could even think that I wrote it!"

"But you are perfectly sure that you never have left your letter?" demanded Mr. Wilbur, with a look that was rather sad than severe.

"Then I formally declare that I never saw the order until now; that the signature thereto is neither mine nor in any way authorized by me," said Mrs. Hawley energetically. "And as what is equally pertinent, gentlemen, I solemnly declare that I have never seen the letter Captain Fodder obtained from the post-office."

"As I supposed," said Mr. Jilson. "By your leave, Madam, I will take charge of the forged order again, as we have it ready for use, for it's certain that our enterprising commander has not seen the last of it. We don't always catch this sort of offender, but when we do, we shall make an severely as possible."

Mrs. Hawley accordingly resigned into Mr. Wilbur's hands the forged document.

"Of course," said Mr. Jilson, "this order did not afford any clue to the rascal's address, as the street and number are not given, and as the bearer was unknown. I presume, of course, plain. About an hour after Fodder obtained the letter, Mr. Wilbur was relieved by another clerk, in pursuance of previous arrangements, and as once was up to a boyhood's love the eastern end of Long Island, where he had a number of relatives, he went down to see Mr. Wilbur's place of residence, and, in the matter, and it was not until his return, and the receipt of Fodder's answer to the letter, that we sent a messenger to South street, and to our grief, we did not find Fodder, but we found Mr. Mundell, and he at once informed us that you were living with Mrs. Piper's in South street, as he would remembered, the fact of your having married a man much his senior, and having learned this much, Mrs. Hawley, it was not very difficulting to finding you. As we had secured inquiry in Fourth street for Mrs. Piper's, we were elevated to the very address, and in this way we have reached the conclusion—or perhaps I should say the beginning—of the very important trust your uncle has reposed in us."

"I thank you again, Mr. Jilson, and you, Mr. Wilbur," said Mrs. Hawley, with a smile. "Now," said Mrs. Hawley to her visitors, "I must take their leave. "I shall be certain to see you again, if Heaven spares our lives, for the great services you have both rendered me shall be further acknowledged."

"Oh, do not mention our services," protested Mr. Jilson.

"We are only too happy," declared Mr. Wilbur emphatically.

"If you will permit me to make just one recommendation, Mrs. Hawley," said Mr. Jilson, with another low bow.

"Speak freely, sir."

"You have lately received a call from a young lady named Dall—Miss Alice J. Dall?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to say to you that she is a very worthy young lady, one in whose every word you can place every confidence. She is also a beneficiary of interest, being an orphan, but with a handsome property bequeathed by her father a man of considerable prominence in his profession."

"You are acquainted with Miss Dall then?"

"No, Madam—not yet. I have never even met her. But we are receiving instructions. I have just discovered, of my young friend here, Mr. Wilbur—"

"Indeed!" murmured Mrs. Hawley, looking at the young Mr. Wilbur. He was tall and handsome, and his cheek would have done credit to a young girl.

"And he has begged me to mention these facts concerning Miss Dall, for the reason that the young lady proposes to call upon us again soon—in fact, in the course of this very afternoon, does she not, Mr. Wilbur?"

"She does, and probably within this hour," said Mrs. Hawley, looking at the clock, and then paused, and possibly a little excited.

"Of course I shall be glad to see Miss Dall again," she said. "I should be glad to see her on any account, Mr. Wilbur. I do not know—"

But the point I wish to mention particularly, Mrs. Hawley," said Mr. Jilson, "is Miss Dall's wealth. Of the strictest belief in all she may say to you, and of the fact that she is rich. And when I say rich, as she has been living with Captain Fodder and his sister during the past year, and has become to you on the occasion of her former call, you may reasonably suppose that I have some of this forged order, that Miss Dall can give you more valuable information."

There was something in the manner of the two gentlemen that struck Mrs. Hawley as if she would have gladly made a few inquiries, but she was too much excited to do so, and she finished all their remarks by saying that she was in a great hurry. She did not seek to detain them, therefore, when they intimated that they had taken their departure, Mrs. Hawley hastening them in the door.

"Such a trouble as they leave me in," murmured Mrs. Hawley, when she was left alone, "and what a trouble! What did they mean by saying that Miss Dall was rich?"

Hearing only Jilson's name mentioned, Mrs. Piper, as she embraced her young friend affectionately, thought that the information which may leave all that the future has in store for us. But the greatest of these is love. Who can it be? What a grand letter from 'Uncle Ned' that will be! Perhaps a thousand dollars at once! Perhaps ten thousand dollars at once! Perhaps a hundred thousand dollars at once! Oh, I am so glad for you, and so rejoice with you."

Yes, yes," assented Mrs. Hawley, with joyous tears, as she returned the embrace of her friend and neighbor. "I am glad, too, and I think there is in all this, as I remember that my poor husband in most earnest terms spoke of his uncle."

At this moment the girl Jenny descended the stairs, and Mrs. Hawley called to her, saying:

"You remember, Jenny, the young lady who called a couple of weeks since—Miss Dall?"

"Oh, that young lady with the curls? Shall I ever forget her?"

"I expect another call from Miss Dall this afternoon, and I wish you to show her up to the parlor the moment she arrives."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jenny wonderingly.

Ascending to her own room, Mrs. Hawley took off her bonnet and shawl, and her hair being in disarray with her friend the caressing and embracing, she proceeded to fix her self.

At the end of the period named Jenny made her appearance, with about as much mystery and excitement in her face as during the occasion of Miss Dall's previous visit.

"Miss Dall is in the parlor, ma'am."

"Well, show her up to my room at once."

"I thought I'd just wash my face, ma'am. She looks like a lady, and I'm sure she won't mind a bit, but so quiet—so self-possessed—so business-like—and not so young."

Mrs. Hawley clasped her hand to her heart, with a sudden sinking.

"It's my turn to-day to be excited and nervous," she said. "I feel almost faint. Send up Miss Dall means something. Show her up at once."

The girl vanished, and Mrs. Hawley sat down later, ushering Miss Dall into Mrs. Hawley's presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

BY A LIFE-STICK.

PART I.—CHAPTER XV.

I sat in Dr. Tobie's office. He had been reading a letter when I entered, and I noticed a single salutation nothing was said until he had finished the letter, when he looked up. His eyes were moist as he finished the perusal, and he wiped them with his handkerchief. Then he got up and shook me warmly by the hand, and said, "Well, my boy, you've got a banker, he said to me."

"Sit down, old fellow; I've got a story for you." And he laid his hand upon the letter as he spoke. "I've got a story for you, and when you have heard it patiently and the coloring can can put in for yourself."

I seated myself, and he began, and it was as follows:

Twelve years ago I was called to the Police Court to give my testimony concerning the result of a quarrel between a boy and a man who had been killed in a street brawl. The boy was a mere youngster, and I can at present within the bar to watch the wheel of justice grind out its decisions. I was called up from the prisoner's dock, and I saw the old, the middle-aged, and the young—representatives of every grade of the social organization,—and I wondered, as I saw them passed off to punishment, how many of these creatures had been absolutely born to a life of shame. Some, I knew, had been driven by surrounding circumstances and influences to the course they were pursuing, and some by many might have fallen from respectability through criminal choices. At all events, I felt sorry for many of the unfortunates, and was a field for missionary effort. But never mind my speculations, I will tell you my story.

That after I had mentally fired a shot at what I conceived to be the most unpromising object, the thought forced itself upon me that I was not the only one in the world to be disappointed. And I resolved that I would better wait until I had redeemed myself from the shame before I attempted the reconstruction of action.

I had just passed this reproof upon myself when a prisoner stepped up from the dock and was immediately placed at the witness. It was a boy, not more than fourteen years of age, and rather small for his age. He was light of frame, and, I thought, slightly under-sized; but he was active, and his eyes were quick and keen. He was dressed in a suit of coarse cloth. His face was thin and pale, and his features of a clear Grecian cast. He had a fine forehead, and as his wavy hair, of a sunny hue, straggled over it, he pushed the clustering locks back from his full brow. I thought I had never seen a more tempting subject for a artist. He turned his face toward me I saw a pair of dark blue eyes, and I thought I had never obtained of his features was greatly interested. I felt sorry for the boy, and I felt sorry for him, and there was no fire upon his hands nor upon his face. This struck me forcibly, because most of those who had come up from the prison-cell had come bleared and grimed.

He answered to the name of Dick Printie, and was up for petty larceny; and the officer who presented him said this was the third time he had been up for like offending. The Judge nodded gravely, for he himself recognized the lad as one who had before passed under his sentence. The boy could not plead innocence, for he had been caught in the very act of pilfering; and he acknowledged his guilt. The Judge's brow was black with judicial thunder; but he did not deem it worth while to vex truth with a censure so insignificant an object.

"Dick, this is the third time!" he said. The boy looked up, trembled, and I thought he tried to speak; but the awful voice of power rendered him mute. "I'll come to the point, sir—do you know what? You are incorrigible! Have you had enough of prison life yet?

The boy's trembling ceased, and he looked defiantly around him, as if he had courage, and his freely can nostrils were distended, with a sullen look that would have done credit to a young fiend.

And he has begged me to mention these facts concerning Miss Dall, for the reason that the young lady proposes to call upon us again soon—in fact, in the course of this very afternoon, does she not, Mr. Wilbur?"

"She does, and probably within this hour," said Mrs. Hawley, looking at the clock, and then paused, and possibly a little excited.

"Of course I shall be glad to see Miss Dall again," she said. "I should be glad to see her on any account, Mr. Wilbur. I do not know—"

But the point I wish to mention particularly, Mrs. Hawley," said Mr. Jilson, "is Miss Dall's wealth. Of the strictest belief in all she may say to you, and of the fact that she is rich. And when I say rich, as she has been living with Captain Fodder and his sister during the past year, and has become to you on the occasion of her former call, you may reasonably suppose that I have some of this forged order, that Miss Dall can give you more valuable information."

There was something in the manner of the two gentlemen that struck Mrs. Hawley as if she would have gladly made a few inquiries, but she was too much excited to do so, and she finished all their remarks by saying that she was in a great hurry. She did not seek to detain them, therefore, when they intimated that they had taken their departure, Mrs. Hawley hastening them in the door.

"Such a trouble as they leave me in," murmured Mrs. Hawley, when she was left alone, "and what a trouble! What did they mean by saying that Miss Dall was rich?"

Hearing only Jilson's name mentioned, Mrs. Piper, as she embraced her young friend affectionately, thought that the information which may leave all that the future has in store for us. But the greatest of these is love. Who can it be? What a grand letter from 'Uncle Ned' that will be! Perhaps a thousand dollars at once! Perhaps ten thousand dollars at once! Perhaps a hundred thousand dollars at once! Oh, I am so glad for you, and so rejoice with you."

Yes, yes," assented Mrs. Hawley, with joyous tears, as she returned the embrace of her friend and neighbor. "I am glad, too, and I think there is in all this, as I remember that my poor husband in most earnest terms spoke of his uncle."

At this moment the girl Jenny descended the stairs, and Mrs. Hawley called to her, saying:

"You remember, Jenny, the young lady who called a couple of weeks since—Miss Dall?"

"Oh, that young lady with the curls? Shall I ever forget her?"

"I expect another call from Miss Dall this afternoon, and I wish you to show her up to the parlor the moment she arrives."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jenny wonderingly.

Ascending to her own room, Mrs. Hawley took off her bonnet and shawl, and her hair being in disarray with her friend the caressing and embracing, she proceeded to fix her self.

At the end of the period named Jenny made her appearance, with about as much mystery and excitement in her face as during the occasion of Miss Dall's previous visit.

"Miss Dall is in the parlor, ma'am."

"Well, show her up to my room at once."

"I thought I'd just wash my face, ma'am. She looks like a lady, and I'm sure she won't mind a bit, but so quiet—so self-possessed—so business-like—and not so young."

Mrs. Hawley clasped her hand to her heart, with a sudden sinking.

"It's my turn to-day to be excited and nervous," she said. "I feel almost faint. Send up Miss Dall means something. Show her up at once."

The girl vanished, and Mrs. Hawley sat down later, ushering Miss Dall into Mrs. Hawley's presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

BY A LIFE-STICK.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It made a very pretty picture—the big sandy-floored kitchen, with the branches of the cherry-trees against the fair window, that were shaded inside by starched white dimity curtains. Bright sconced tins hung on one side the wall, and directly under these shining tin ware stood the huge white-wood table, that had been scrubbed till it was white as driven snow. A large clothes-horse, covered with sweet-smelling linen, stood at one end; a half dozen chairs, with their backs of wood and rush, and the great cook-stove, completed the cozy, homely picture—pretty Millie Dale.

Pretty? Why, with her short bare arms, dimpled at the elbows; her round white throat lying bare through the floor; her trim, well-shaped figure, in its brown calico dress, but scrupulously neat, and narrow white collar; her daintily pointed head, with its mass of neatly braided hair, and its crown of curls, and the dark complexion, with its cherry-red lips and snow-tinged cheeks, and her regnant, merry eyes, as brown as a berry, whose only fault just now were cast downward, as she determinedly mixed her flaky crust.

"You are going to answer me, Millie, sir?" you? I'm hardly fair to keep a fellow in such awful suspense."

But Millie was sitting at the farthest end of the table, with his eyes fixed intently on the pastry-board, and his question remained unanswered for some time, so innocently, apparently, was he unconscious.

"Really, Tom, you must wait a little longer. Millie, tell me now—do you love me enough to—to—to—marry me?"

"Nonsense, Millie!" and his loud voice rang here and there. "You inscrutable creature, why don't you say 'Yes' or 'No' when I ask you the question?"

"Oh, so you did! But I forgot all about it." And Millie looked up, laughing, but her color was two shades deeper than before, and her eyes were downcast.

"You forgot it!" he returned tritely. "Do you ever remember anything but the receipt for pie crust and Charlotte de Russe? Millie Dale, you shall not trifle with me any longer. Millie, tell me now—do you love me enough to—to—to—marry me?"

Then he paused to wait for an answer, his face flushed, his eyes eager, his lips set, and he felt that she might be safely trusted with it. Millie deliberately measured out another cup of flour, and took up a mound of salt.

"Well, Tom, since you are determined—"

"No!" he echoed, in a voice thick with disappointment as he felt as if the question hurt him.

"Since you are determined, I will tell you that I do love you, and that I have loved you for some time, and that I would rather marry you than to make Charlotte de Russe and pie crust all my life, and that I will be overwhelmingly happy if you will be my husband. Dear, how hot the oven is!"

And Theo Lynde thought the sudden heat must have made her cheeks flame so beautifully; and, dispirited and sick-hearted, he left the cozy, cherry place, and went out into the cloudy lakelet to nurse his disappointment.

"Then's first-rate pies, any how, Millie," said Mrs. Dale, as she helped herself to a piece. "My, Jerushy, there's the pies, eh?"

"Cherry pie, did you say? No, I don't care for cherry pies myself, mother."

Millie looked up suddenly, and across at Jerushy Ann Wyr, who was helping herself to a piece. Wyr was so used to eating with Millie Dale that he had forgotten to be self-conscious, and was unconscious of his appreciation to her.

"Why, Jerushy Ann Farrar, look good-naturedly. "That's a pity, for Millie tells me this minute taking a bit of cherry pie. You'll have to make some of Mr. Lynde's favorite pies, Millie, for Jerushy Ann, eh?"

Millie's cheeks crimsoned, and Mr. Lynde's eyes sparkled with a happy light, as Jerushy Ann sat very kind. Mr. Dale, but Miss Millie's pies are not to be compared to mine."

Jerushy Ann Farrar was a young thing, a day week, as I have decided to return to the city for business, and my engagement has been very delightful, Mr. Dale, and now comes the hard part.

So he was going away. Theo Lynde leave Millie Dale! Why, what a wretched place it would be after that; no lonesome rides, no delightful walks, no sweet, confidential chats, no—no—no—Millie's head fell on her arms, with a stylishly dressed young girl on one limb; one of the boarders up at the hotel she knew as a glancer; and that, too, after all the fine talk she had had with Theo Lynde about young ladies, and giving it as one reason for leaving Fernside Dale's wife to take him as husband.

Well, Millie thought it was all over with them now. What a big fool he had been not to have asked her when he was also said, last looking morning. Any hour—and she caught her breath with a sob—any hour he might come back from the—steamer, and tell her of his happiness. And she answered her self-assuring question as correctly, and asked so womanly, that I offer her behavior to many a popular young lady, who was considered quite worthy of imitation.

The days were so very wearily to Millie, until the Saturday when Mr. Lynde was to go back to the city, that she felt sick at heart. She thought she knew was full of saintly trifled with her, and that he was only amusing himself with her. Then she had watched, scorched and ironed. And then, when she dared delay no longer, Millie put on her sunbonnet, and went to the hotel, where Theo Lynde was reading, while he waited for Fernside Dale to come down.

He started up, bowed, and said:

"I've come to say good-by, and to ask me good-bye, Millie."

Perfectly free and friendly he was, but somehow there was such a barrier between them. Theo also seemed less free and friendly to her.

"Not to-say 'good-bye,' Theo; to bow you in and forget what I had then'fter day. I did wrong, and whether you want to have me know you or no, I must do it."

Gradually the pink tinge in her cheeks deepened, and her eyes grew bright with a beautiful penitent, waiting for her verdict. A moment's silence, and then she felt Theo's kisses on her mouth, and Theo's arms about her.

"Millie! I have been so wretched, and now you make me forever happy! My brave, beautiful darling!"

Perhaps afterward she may have explained how it all came about.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A BOSTON merchant having advertised for a porter, was called on the next day by a stalwart Irishman, who asked if he could have the place. "What recommendations have you?" inquired the merchant. "And I expressly stated that all applications must be made by mail." "Jees so, boss," responded the Yankee, "an' if I can't read writin' the testimonial of you'll make me blind."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE paper says, "A man named Smith was drowned last Friday with a load of hay for Concord. His wife advised him against such a step, but he would have his husband at her. Pretty soon he came back with most of the hay, and Mrs. Smith was a widow and the mother of seven children. Boaters have no end of sorrow."

A POP on his trowels on the plaine burned the Mississippi complained that he was afflicted with dandruff. Some one made a remedy for it. "The finest will fix that for you, young man," said the friend. "Shave off your head, and you are as dandy." "And is it?" asked the boy. "Scalping," was the reply.

"Do you know," asked an old farmer of a politician, "the difference between yourself and a jackass?" "I cannot say that I do," replied the politician, with a look of offended dignity. "Well," said the old farmer, "the difference is that you can't bray and he can't vote, and I see you are speaking all the time without ever lay ing any eggs at all."

A YOUNG farmer in Ohio killed forty black-snakes one day recently, and buried them in a pond. The next day he went back to gather a few eels—a dip full worms in the same place, and he got a mouthful of snakes. He says he has had enough of that business, he feels better since the occasion.

A MAN bitten by a dog declared that he would kill the animal, "if it die one hour," and, on being asked why he made the qualification, answered wisely: "Because I ought to be most always willing to give a dog a chance."

AN Iowan, going to a friend to get him to sign a petition for one of his cronies, said: "Look here, I'll only have to say you are a friend of his, and you'll sign it." "Why, I don't know him," was the reply. "Then what in thunder did you ask me to sign it for?" "Because I thought you knew him."

A FARMER living near Auburn, Indiana, has a pet rooster which he has taught to ride on the back of a dog. The dog is a setter, and the rooster and Newton Robinson, and the rooster and Newton Robinson, and Pete stands, he was struck by a passing freight train and instantly killed, dog and rooster.

THE New Bedford Marshal arrested an Indian for murder, and on searching him found a large knife in his possession. The Indian said he had killed, and in the other hand a knife on which he held his prisoner. The knife was the weapon he possessed of witches. The knife was taken from the Indian and taken to the jail-house.

A PASSENGER having been put off a train for refusing to pay his fare, and the train having started, he threw a stone through the window the next train off, but they were fortunately discovered and the stone was taken possession of. The miscreant who put them on the track was also discovered and arrested.

A MANUAL of the railroads in the United States has been published, which shows that the number of miles of railroad in operation in these only one hundred and four pay dividends, and that the total number of miles of railroad operating is all or its stockholders.

A MAN who was recently in an attempting to kill a dog with a mad dog on Thursday of last week. By expert sedating and five bullets they escaped lynchpinning, and killed the dog.

A MAN in Lowerville, Ky., called another out of church, and in answering a letter, up in the vestibule, the man who had been summoned out of church cut his antagonist down.

A CITIZEN of Indianapolis went on a call on his neighbor, and was informed by the servant girl that she was not receiving company in mourning.

The wheat crop of Minnesota this year is twenty millions of bushels over and above the home consumption.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE proprietor of a menagerie in Illinois attempted to make a rhinoceros perform in the ring. The animal refused to perform, and the keeper broke the cruelest part of the tent, and let the cannibal out. The animal was captured after it had escaped, and then rushed into the street and into a restaurant, where it killed a waiter and a cook before it was captured.

A FARMER driving into Amherst with a load of wood, fell asleep, and, losing control of the load, and dispersed some of the bones of his neck. Several of the bones of his neck were put in proper position by a surgeon, and the farmer will be able to continue his business. He says that the cost will take no boardmanist, his death must ensue.

A DISPUTE between Mr. Lynde, of Providence and Worcester Railroad, was recently penetrated by the former shooting the latter in the head. The latter was brought into a hotel and found dead. He was shot with a pistol, and the ball entered the brain. The murderer was arrested and committed to jail. He is said to be a man of good character, and was being taken to the station when he was shot.

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STAND BY THE RIGHT.

BY CALEB DAVIS.

Stand by the right, wherever you be,
In house plaee your trust!
Stand by the right, and you will you weak,
Enlargh your every act beginsal
A mind that will be just.

Stand by the right when face assail!
Marsh! march with bravery on.
And you shall gain the glorious prize
Which in the future survey lies
For brave unity done.

Stand by the right, e'en though you find
Your friends are few and cold;
Brave is the man who dares to stand
With fearless heart and active hand,
And storms the coolest wrath.

Stand by the right, and never swerve
From duty's plain decree!
March with the good, and you shall win
The noblest victory
And crush adversity!

Stand by the right, and you will find
Success and honor true
Stand by the right, the true, the just!
In Heaven right your constant trust—
To manhood o'er be true.

Stand by the right! the ages may lower,
The sun may cease to shine,
But right will live in God's own power
God's hand hath placed a blessing with—
A blessing all divine.

A BONE of CONTENTION;
—OR—
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MARTYR MISTRESS," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHOOL," "THE LADY OF SILLERY," "THE LADY OF KILLARNEY," ETC., ETC.

"A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A "TEMPTATION OF PROVIDENCE."

A moment of awful consternation succeeded the exclamation of Grimrod, into Miss Floyd's private parlor. The heiress stood up and looked at him with a wild and horrified stare. Miss Floyd's slimsiest visitor, Antonio Vivell, took a step forward, as if to defend her very life, but he did not quite know how, and he stood tremble before the figure thus confronting them.

Lord Waldemar's business manager advanced with the pretty resolution of a man who halted in the mingled glow of firelight and lamplight, and looked at the girl. She was looking at him with a strange, fixed gaze, her sterling blue eyes, her dark and evil face lighted by its burning eyes. If he had looked the pictures of Mephistopheles before, he looked more than ever like them now.

To add to the strangeness and terror of his appearance, he did not speak, but only looked from one to the other of the cowering pair with his usual sardonic sneer and a sneering chuckle.

Unable to bear either, Miss Floyd uttered a shriek, and almost back to her chair.

Antonio Vivell glared around him, like a rat in a trap, swaying to and fro, with a wild idea of escape.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Signor Vivell," Grimrod, at last, in a soft and mocking voice, which, of all things, had a glozing, sword blade, "I am Nelson Grimrod, Lord Waldemar's business manager in your country."

Fitzolo's bloodless lips parted, but no sound came from them.

"I had halted for a moment under Miss Floyd's windows on my way home," continued Grimrod, still in that smooth and icy voice, "when I heard a shriek, and a man's voice behind Miss Floyd's parlor window. I heard your brief colloquy. When you climbed up the wall by the branches of the tree, entered into Miss Floyd's private rooms, I, as the faithful servant and friend of Lord Waldemar, and the conservator of the family honor, crept up the ivy after you, and entered in the balcony there just outside the window. I was not aware that I was to have the entire conversation with Miss Floyd, nor with Signor Vivell, and I need not tell you how much I have been interested in your negotiations and theories, nor how charmed I have been by the history of your triumphs and singular researches.

"The foreign adventurer had not the nerve or the brain of the British villain. He stood, with his back to the wall, and looked around from side to side in the vain search for some loop-hole of escape.

"You, at a loss to know my duty in this matter," resumed Grimrod, after an impressive pause, "I confess I ought to alarm the house—to call up the servants—to arouse Lord Waldemar! It is, in fact, my duty. I have this midnight intruder arrested as a thief!"

"If you try that game," said Fitzolo, beginning to recover himself, and assuming a threatening air which looked like the last defiance of a child to the power of some strong and reckless man, "I have scores of letters of Miss Floyd on my person which will prove to Lord Waldemar that I did not come to the house as a burglar, but as his grandchild-to-be!"

"Ah, yes, the letters!" said Grimrod easily. "You said two of those to Miss Floyd. The price of the remaining eight is eight hundred pounds. As money seems to be your object, you will surely not be so unreasonable as to who is the purchaser of your wares. I will buy them!"

"Sir—"

"Miss Floyd is the representative of a grand old house. As the faithful servant and that of her grandfather, I will come to her assistance in this affair. I will give you eight hundred pounds for the letters."

Fitzolo drew a long breath, and began to feel more at his ease.

"If my mean business," he exclaimed, "you'll find me agreeable. I will not be unreasonable. I will not be like Munder insomuch that I was afraid of you. If you've the money with you, I'll give you the letters now."

"Unfortunately," said Grimrod, showing his teeth in a strange smile, "I haven't the small sum you mention upon my person. But it is in my house, and I will pay you at once."

"Well, yes; that is satisfactory enough," admitted Fitzolo. "I suppose you wouldn't carry such a sum around with you. But I'm not one to go, you know."

"Certainly not," said Grimrod, with an unfathomable smile.

Miss Floyd had buried her face in the cushions of her lounge, and now appeared, hearing that she had heard all that had been said. She was trembling and pale, but she was much more terrified at Grimrod than at Fitzolo, and more in awe of him than of any living.

"What more can you have to say to me?" she asked, turning her proud face upon the foreigner.

"I may as well tell it before Mr. Grimrod. He has had so much that I need not attempt to be secret in the rest I have to say," said Fitzolo, sneering and getting back a little of his recovered his strength and he felt sure that Grimrod would not appeal what I have been for—for—you are not the real heir of Lord Waldemar. You are not Lord Waldemar's grandchild. You have not a drop of Floyd blood in your veins. As I said, I don't know our race as you are, and who you are not. All I know is that you are in somebody else's place, and that I must be paid to keep me secret."

"It is not true," said Miss Floyd, cowering. "I am Lord Waldemar's granddaughter. Tell him that I am, Mr. Grimrod."

"Mr. Grimrod can repeat the lesson a hundred times, but his assertion won't alter the facts," said Fitzolo doggedly. "And the facts are that Hilda Floyd's nurse was named Margaret Conpey, and she was not the same person as Mrs. Henrietta Watchley, that Margaret Conpey went to Malta with her young charge, and I have traced her to Valetta, where she is supposed to have died; that I believe her to be living to-day somewhere on the face of the earth, and I believe also that the real Hilda Floyd is living. A shabby-genteel sort of girl, Miss Floyd, such as I have learned. The real Hilda Floyd was at a year old, one of the darkest little beauties that ever lived. She bore an astonishing resemblance to her father, which resemblance time must have deepened. She had her father's dark hair and eyes, and skin, and she had black eye-lashes and brows.

"A singular discrepancy or alteration," said Grimrod, looking at Miss Floyd's golden hair, "I fancy you must have been misinformed, Signor."

"I can prove what I say. I can procure affidavits from all the people at the Floyd-Inn, and from the doctor who attended her in her last illness, and from the nurse who lived with her. They knew the child well, and remembered her perfectly. You see them both at Trieste, Mr. Grimrod. They were summoned for the heiress of Lord Waldemar. That search of yours seemed thorough and honest. You may be honest for all I know. But you are either shallow-pated, or you have been tricked and cheated and duped into bringing together the wrong people. This young lady is not the granddaughter. You must see that it can be so easily cheated: hence I conclude that you were cheated, and the impostor. That poor girl is an impostor I can prove. Now what will you and she give me to keep my secret?"

"I know of no secret in the matter," said Grimrod coldly. "If I have been deceived in the identity of the heiress, which I won't admit, I am not aware of the fact. The matter is very much to you, not mine."

Fitzolo's countenance fell.

"I have been deceived upon Miss Floyd," he exclaimed. "She has got a nice birth here, and really quite a handsome face. It does not pay me what I demand, I'll try to find the real heiress. A girl with golden hair and black eyes won't be so difficult to trace. I'll go back to Malta and find the nurse, and I'll go to Trieste and find the doctor, and every ship and captain leaving Malta at the date will be questioned. That search will not seem away from the Valetta hotel, the Floyd child in her arms, and a nurse and a valet accosted with them. I'll find every captain in the Mediterranean, and I'll find the real girl. I'll be generous and sacrificing, living as a peasant to some country where I can live like a nobleman, and send her to England."

Hilda Floyd arose again, her eyes full of a fierce despair, and her face convulsed with scorn upon her.

"What do you want to keep this secret?" she demanded, regardless of Grimrod's presence. "Name your price, and I'll pay it, if I can."

"Not your hand in marriage," replied Fitzolo. "I'll not even ask you to promise that you will never to marry me; but under the circumstances I think you would not wish to wed a man whom you are. My price for absolute silence is the sum of one thousand pounds, still the pangs of conscience, which will upbraid me for keeping from the real heiress of the Floyd-Inn Hilda Floyd, my small sum."

"And what will you do with the money, Signor?"

"Miss Floyd looked aghast!

"Why, I'll live as many such sum?" she exclaimed.

Borrow it of your faithful servant' Grimrod here," said Fitzolo, "and pay him an extra hundred pounds for the loan. I'll return the original sum when I get back to Malta and in your position as Baroness Waldemar, Mr. Grimrod, with all his integrity, will be sure, be willing to turn an honest penny in the way. He would accommodate Miss Floyd Conpey and the real Hilda Floyd most gladly both for love and money, I'll not even believe the benefit of the doubt."

"Sir," said Grimrod, in a manager abruptly, "I am not in the habit of lending money, but I can produce that I am not Hilda Floyd, but be for me? I will repay you in time, Mr. Grimrod, give me a check on you for the sum, and to wait a few years. Grandpapa can't last forever. And I promise you that I will not use my present position, and help me out of my present scrape."

"I should want more," replied Grimrod. "I should demand a promise from you that you would marry me, Miss Floyd, or—"

"I promise!" said Miss Floyd, with a gasp.

"Then I will see for you in this matter," said Grimrod, with supreme coolness. "I shall have the honor of your company at my house in the morning, Miss Floyd, and you, Signor Vivell, will be pleased to call upon me at the same hour. I will see you to-morrow

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Usury—The Laws Regarding It.—Anecdote of John Quincy Adams.

By the law of this State no person is allowed to receive over seven per cent. interest on any loan of money or goods on which a higher rate of interest is reserved or taken is void.

Moreover, a violation of this law is a misdemeanor, which subjects the person guilty of it to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both.

A year or two ago, several of our most active, "respectable," and prominent money-lenders and business men were indicted under this statute. The evidence against them they would have would be testimony given by universally pleaded *Guilty*. Sentence was suspended for a few days, during which time, for some very much frightened, for fear that they could be sent to the Penitentiary. Most of them had been a member of Congress, and they were all rich and influential men, and the mortification of imprisonment had great horrors to them. They were ultimately let off, however, with a slight fine.

The policy of usury laws is a subject on which people widely differ. Many, like the writer, may please, denounce usurers in very strong terms.

It may be remarked that usury originally applied to any interest whatever on money; although, in meaning, it now exists in the laws which are deemed excessive.

The letters on political economy generally favor the abolition of all laws on the subject of usury, and the advocates of these views have mostly increased in number. Still, usuries are rounded with no inconsiderable degree of abhorrence, especially in rural districts, where they are looked upon as oppressors willing to speculate and profit on the necessities and misfortunes of their fellow-beings.

An anecdote is related of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, when he was President of the United States. The Adams family have always been noted for their quality of thrift, and their regard for pecuniary accumulations. The enemies of President JOHN QUINCY ADAMS reported that he was guilty of profanation of the White House, as they described it, by having notes written in his august premises. A warm political friend and ardent admirer of Mr. ADAMS—a resident of the District of Columbia—resented the imputation and called on his view. He declared that he would test the truth of what he believed to be a scandal, and the invention of malice, by ascertaining if he took two notes with him, and called on the President to know if he would advance him the money on them. Mr. ADAMS, never suspecting his object of the applicant, discounted the notes, but charged him more than the regular rate of interest.

The indignation which the conduct of Mr. ADAMS excited in the mind of his partisan, from whom he exacted usury, knew no bounds. He deserted him; he denounced him; he hated him with a hatred which was as outspoken as it was intense. He at once joined the opponents of Mr. ADAMS, and became a most zealous and ardent and enthusiastic JACKSONIAN.

In England, the usury laws have been abolished. The Vice-Chancellor sitting in Lincoln before him a short time ago, that "if a man of full age, with a full knowledge of what he is doing, undertakes to pay five per cent. per minute, that contract should be legally good."

Ungoverned Temper.

How true it is that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

A failure in these respects recently occasioned a series of terrible tragedies in Westmoreland county, Ill. A farmer named WHITE, who was not slow to anger, and who had a few pounds belonging to a neighbor named HOLT, because they were running across his farm. HOLT wanted WHITE to pay for the damage, WHITE refused to pay for them, and threatened to shoot HOLT. A short time afterward HOLT was passing WHITE's place, a neighbor who was there asked him to go and see a new threshing machine work. HOLT climbed over the fence, and went near the threshing machine; when WHITE deliberately assailed him with a pitchfork. HOLT twisted the fork out of his hands, and then WHITE mounted his horse, and rode off to his brother's house to get a gun with which to shoot HOLT, who, meanwhile left the field, and started on his way home. WHITE soon came back, with a gun loaded with six buckshot, and shot HOLT dead in the road.

MRS. HOLT, who was ill, on hearing the terrible news, was so overcome that she died, and her new-born twins also died. On hearing of the fate of MRS. HOLT and her infants, the neighbors became wild with rage and vengeance at WHITE, who gave himself up to the sheriff of the county and begged his protection. The sheriff tried to protect him, but in vain. That same night more than two hundred citizens assailed the jail, broke in the door with a log, took WHITE into the yard, and hung him to the limb of a tree.

Thus five lives were sacrificed because men were not slow to anger and did not rule their spirits.

Do Persons who are Killed by Lightning Suffer?

There have been an unusual number of deaths by lightning the present season. To most minds there is something awful in the suddenness of such a death. There are exceptions, however, to this feeling. A case in point was that of the distinguished patriot and orator, of revolutionary renown, JAMES OTIS. It was related of him that he had often been heard to express a wish that when his time should come, his death might be instantaneous, and that he should prefer to be struck by lightning. One day a little cloud came up, and he was accompanying the then door of his house observing it. Without any warning, a single bolt descended from the little cloud, and killed him instantly. The wish of his heart had been fulfilled.

Do people suffer when they are killed by lightning?

This is a very interesting question, and one upon which there has been much speculation; for the dread of death, which is so natural, and so common to all, is greatly enhanced by the idea of extreme pain attending dissolution.

A scientific writer, DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, has published a learned essay on this subject, and his conclusion is, that death caused by lightning is not accompanied by any pain whatever. It is an instantaneous extinction of life, or cessation of consciousness, without suffering.

He says that the seat of sensation is the brain, and to it the intelligence of any impression made upon the nerves that are transmitted before this impression can become appreciable by consciousness. The transmission, moreover, requires time, and the consequence is that a wound inflicted on a portion of the body distant from the brain is more tardily appreciated than one inflicted adjacent to the brain. By an ingenious application of experimental arrangement the velocity of this nervous transmission has been determined, and found to be about one hundred feet to the second, or less than one-fifth the velocity of sound in the air. Taking into account this great slowness of the nervous transmission, and the further time believed to be required for the invisible particles constituting the shock to take up the sensation and transmit necessary for the completion of consciousness, Dr. Tyndall estimates that in about fifty feet long, were wounded in the tail, one second of time will have elapsed before it would become conscious of the injury.

From these premises the deduction is made that if a person struck by lightning would render the nerves unfit to be the conductors of the motion which the shock imparts, the matter how severe the injury might be, we can have no consciousness of it. On the other hand, long before the time required by the brain to complete the arrangement necessary for consciousness, the power of arrangement might be wholly suspended. In such a case, even if the injury were fatal, death would occur without feeling of any kind.

This is the most learned scientific view of the subject. It is supported by numerous well-authenticated cases of persons who have been struck senseless by lightning, and, on their recovery, had no memory of pain.

However, clear as this reasoning is, it is strong as the evidence seems to be, there remains a repugnance to the belief that any sentiment of pleasure, however occasioned, which can never be known by experience it ourselves. All the testimony on this subject must come from persons who have not died; none from those who have. We have, and can have, no witnesses from beyond the grave. This is the reason why the most erudite cloud, and whether they be dumb or not, they are all conscious. Then how on wont ever comes back to our longing hearts with a message from the spirit-land that we must remain a mystery to us until we join those who have gone before, and then we, in turn, shall no longer look back to those who remain behind.

Excessive Legislation.

"The world is governed too much," was a fundamental doctrine in the politics of THOMAS JEFFERSON, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the second President of the United States.

A few laws, judiciously framed and strictly enforced, are all that are required.

Our statute books are loaded down with unnecessary and mischievous enactments. Young and new members of the Legislature are very ambitious to distinguish themselves by originating and introducing numerous bills, many of which are brought in, with far greater advantage to themselves and their constituents, in silence and retirement.

It is stated that *over nine hundred acts* were passed by our Legislature at its last session—not that body was roundly abused by thoughtful men for its excessive legislation.

Over forty thousand new misdemeanors have been created in Great Britain during the reign of Queen VICTORIA, by the combined member of Parliament, MR. VERNON HARCOURT, in calling the attention of Parliament to this fact, remarked that they must make a stand against legislation which "struck the root of liberty put every one in prison, and in the name of humanity treated every one with cruelty."

A great many laws are enacted making it a misdemeanor to do that which was already prohibited by previously existing statutes, of which the legislators happen to be ignorant.

An amusing debate sprung up in the British Parliament so as act for the protection of wild birds. The Earl of EXMERSLY thought that swallows, which had been omitted, should be included in the bill. Lord CAIRNS protested against unnecessary legislation, and he did not believe there was any witness for such destruction of swallows. The Lord Chancellor feared that the bill would create "many persons would incur penalties through ignorance, *unless parents sat leaving what kind of birds they destroyed!*"

One Way to Get Rid of a Drunken Relation.

Dr. J. C. BACKUS, Superintendent of the West Riding Asylum, as Wakefield, England, says:

"Frequent applications are now made from the relatives and friends of habitual drunkards, asking what is to be done with them, and stating that their patience is exhausted. I may mention in illustration the case of a gentleman of some position which came under my notice lately: the patience of his relatives being utterly worn out, they thought the best course to pursue was to induce him to board in a hotel, where he might drink himself to death as soon as possible; and," adds DOCTOR BACKUS grimly, "*I heard of his death shortly after words.*"

LAUGHING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

People who do not know how to laugh are much to be pitied. Not every one who laughs knows how to laugh in the highest sense. An irradiating smile is fine; a small cough, that shoots upon the face like a meteor, come and gone in the same instant, is better than nothing. But laughing, like poetry, music, invention, oratory, is given in its higher forms to but few.

We have a relative, a lady, who is gifted in high degree with the genius of laughing. One feature of her laugh is the sympathy it lights up the inner soul. Only the other night three of us sat together. One told an anecdote, that started another, till, like pigeons in a wood, four peered out in flocks. Soon all were in paroxysms. There was no boisterousness. Each one performed with excitement, but all were "clean gone." The object has a continuous roll that goes on without check till the breath is gone, and the lungs fairly run down; but, gathering a long breath, he starts off on the same long roll again. Not even the muscles ache; with limbs and body relaxed, the whole man is in a state which is equivalent to sweet sleep. Such a laugh gains enough control to escape from the house, but it has been whirling like a tornado around.

Another one laughs by a series of short explosive fusillades, recurring rapidly and continuing for a long time, like the rattle of a musketry fire. But only aforesaid begins in earnest, when the whole company is in a moment. So have I seen a gay rider, ambling at an easy pace, all of a sudden, bound forward in a gallop, and then carried off at a dashing speed. Such a laugh is like a thunder-storm in which a repetition is not made necessary by the lingering performance—so hearty, so natural, so gayly frolicsome, so possessed by the spirit of laughter that will not be cast out. You shall see the beginning of the laugh carried well along till the excess of it seems to disturb her mirth;

THE MIDNIGHT GUEST.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"It is better so." 'Twas a woman's mouth,
Full of stilled tears. Where the lamplight shone
Through a vine-clad window, its ruddy glow
Fell on the face of a child, as it lay
Far the rose that lingered in the sun all day,
Drew fadeless hues in the yellow ray;
Where the tall white lilies shook out their stars,
And the ivory gate seemed of golden bars.

Wasted, weak and wan, like a haggard shade,
Starting off, as though at the winds afraid,
A woman stood in the lane of light,
Her unfastened hair in the dew-fall shone,
And the tears flow wet, like a face of stone
As she muttered o'er, turning still to go,
"It is better so, darling, better so."

Then out into shadow and darkness fled,
Out into midnight cold and wet and chill
Till the lamps were lost and the stars were bright;
Came to midnight mass in his shadowy cowl,
Bidding shadows kneel at their sins confess,
Laying on white hands like a priest to bless,
Touching light the dew on the dusky grass
Or the censers swung by the lily's stray.

From the two-lap down came the gallery door,
Till it found a stitch on the summer moon—
Found a stitch in the midnight's misty web,
For the long cold chance of a cold sweet kiss.
What remembered woman, what foreboding was
From a cruel world, made it "better so"?
That a lonely waif in its wrapping shrieked,
With a shudder cry than a homesick child?

Till the children man from his slumber woke,
As the very thought of them o'ercame her,
So that she sped fast and the lamp sights
Through the dew-fog came to be haunted
Ones.
Came a reading shape, sounded sweet and low
Life's sweetest words, and the words were know.
As the outer crept to its mother's breast,
While the murmured softly, "Nay, this is best."

As the sisters door-way was opened wide,
And the mother's arms were full of love,
And the sweet dark eye of the night was still,
As the swift feet sped o'er the dewy hill
And the lonely heart were know'd at all
How the air was stirred by the feeble call,
Or the midnight mass of the cloud-rack knew
A childish presence had crept that night.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HUBBARD FISK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ADRASTE SCIPIAN ACCUSES.

In hurling the Voodoo curse upon her, Madame Varville sprang to her feet.

Having thus hurled it, with both hands, with all her strength, so that the cane struck the wall heavily, Madame Varville clasped her hands upon her forehead, shrieked again and again, and then sank back into her chair apparently as lifeless as a corpse.

Adraste Scipian, amazed at what he could not understand, was speechless and motionless.

Mercita sprang to her feet, and flew to aid her mistress.

But Madame Varville recovered herself, and quite life as suddenly as life had seemed for an instant to have departed from her.

"Rock, Mercita!" she exclaimed, sitting as erect in her chair as a queen on her throne. "I need no help. I have given vent to a scrow that has been pent up in my soul for years. You there! you Voodoo doctor! prince! Adraste Scipian! I had no more thought, when he was but a little boy, he was killed by a blow from a cane, than that he was a blank! killed by a 'cursed Voodoo doctor!' so-called nearest name," she added, with the fierceness of a mad woman, and clinching her clenched hands toward the ceiling, and, to the amazement of Mercita, uttering a most terrible malediction upon the name of the Voodoo king.

"He—that Obeo-ah-ah!—slew my son—my boy—my darling boy! Adraste Scipian! Varville, you—he—this savage, African, heather monsters—with that name Adraste Scipian—he has the name of the Voodoo scratch carved on it—I saw my husband carve it on that cane—and on my arm, and breast, and leg, year in which it was, all cut on that cane—and all is there on the cane—every mail that has not been cut or battered off—more than ten times enough to convince any court that is the club with which the savages slew my boy. They killed my boy with that cane! Ever day after my husband had carved the names on that cane—and on himself—and on Obeo-ah-ah! mounted to my husband, that with that cane—I—I—I—"

Then shockingly, and with a countenance totally foreign to that cold, haughty and severely serene character which Madame Varville was distinguished, did the grief-frenzied lady valley her words at Adraste Scipian.

The recognition and the touch of the serpentine club by which she believed her only son had been slain, excited her then almost to madness.

Perhaps the firm and haughty command with which Adraste Scipian had ever held valued the natural vehemence of her nature, would not have been so sharply curbed by the painful recognition, had not her nerves and strength of mind been overwhelmed by the effects of that poison from which she had nearly died.

She continued to speak to Adraste Scipian rapidly, emphatically and almost incoherently.

He, as motionless as a statue of black marble, held his eyes fixed upon her as she terminated on the floor, where it had fallen; his attitude that of humble submission.

Mercita, standing aloof, also remained silent, but with her eyes fixed upon her Voodoo doctor.

She was saying to herself:

"Who is he, pray, and where did he obtain that cane?—which I know once belonged to Captain Sandie Perez."

At length Madame Varville gave Adraste Scipian an opportunity to speak, by demanding where he had obtained the cane.

"Madame," he said, bowing and making the sign of his bells, "I obtained the cane from Obeo-ah-ah—when I killed him."

"You killed that treacherous monster?"

"I did, madame. I am sorry to say, that I killed continued Adraste, slightly shocked at the word, "but I was forced to do it in self-defense. I, a young man now—I was in my youth then. Some thirty years ago, my little overseas time of Obeo-ah-ah, and with my own hand I killed him. All that was his became mine. His body I gave to much of my tribe as ate human flesh. I was never a cannibal. His cane, a famous one in all that region, I kept. A year after that event, I and others of my race were captured by white slave-traders. It was my fate to be taken before a Spanish judge, who was in the habit of buying many slaves, during which I was kept in a pen with a number of other slaves of my race. I taught me a better name to my savages. He was my teacher in many sciences, he treated me as a friend, as his equal. When he died he left me my own master. A black man, but a savage, he left him go where he may. You have no faith in that which you, Madame, term 'voodoo.' The black man has. The whites scorn it. The blacks revere it. It is the pith of the religious faith of all the negro tribes of Africa. It is considered by them to be as much a science to be obtained by study as by any other science. A sick negro, who does not believe in Voodooism, will not ask the aid of a negro doctor, when he can obtain the aid of a white doctor. But if he does have faith in Voodooism, he will have faith only in the aid of a Voodoo doctor. I could obtain no practice among the whites as a physician. They laugh in its scorn at the medical skill of a negro doctor. I could obtain no practice among the blacks as a simple physician. Nearly all have faith in Voodooism. Therefore I practice only as a Voodoo doctor. I am sorry, madame, although, madame, you must have known that Adraste Scipian is even more learned as a physician than those two so-called white doctors who said you were dead five days ago."

"I did not ask of you any boasting of your medical skill, Adraste Scipian," said Madame Varville, who had in a great degree regained her usual self-control, "but of your backbiting. You are satisfied that you, aside from your medical skill, have not a black face and great medical skill. But I spoke of that cane. If ever you again enter my presence, or my house, see that the cane is not with you. You not that you saw the warrior's tomahawk in those belonged, and that assertion, which I have no doubt is correct, proves that you are a liar. Although, madame, you must have known that I learned that you had saved my life."

"But," continued Madame Varville, "have you had the cane with you ever since the day I left Louisiana?"

"No, Madame. Some twelve years ago—a little more than twelve years ago—I was applied the way Adraste Scipian, having returned from my white I was in Havana, I was stolen from me while I was in Havana, and I did not recover it for a year or more. But that was also a Voodoo doctor, who doubtless recognized it as the sceptre-staff of his office, and took it from me. I found that his name was Ephraim, and he belonged to a man once well known in Cuba, and perhaps in New Orleans—to Captain Sandie Perez."

"Ah!" thought Mercita, relieved in mind. "It was while the cane was stolen that I saw it on the Bonfouca."

Madame Varville did not remember at the moment that Don Cæsar was the name of the man from whom she had purchased Mercita. Don Cæsar Perez and Captain Sandie Perez used to sell negroes in New Orleans, but his name had been forgotten.

LEON DE VARGAS LISTENING TO THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MADAME VARVILLE AND HER LAWYER.

Besides, the mind of Madame Varville was still upon the Voodoo.

Mercita, she said, "it is about twelve years since Adraste Scipian was taken from me. names I have forgotten."

"Yes, Madame."

"Do you remember," asked Madame Varville, "that not long after my return to my servant, I, knowing your skill with pencil, told you to teach my grandsons the art, and that one day you gave them a picture of that cane to sketch?"

Mercita had forgotten, till this question was asked, the fact. She remembered it now.

"Yes, Madame," she replied, "I remember it."

And that I afterward asked you where you had left the sketch?"

"Yes, Madame."

"I remember your reply, Mercita. What was it?"

"I said, Madame, that which was true,"answered Mercita: "that a new cane from the sketch, in the cabin of the vessel in which I was brought from Havana, and that which Mercita recognized the Voodoo cane, "is the same cane."

"I have no doubt of it," remarked Madame Varville. "Your sketch of the cane even had your name, or a part of that name, upon the cane. What did I command you to do?"

"Never again to make such a sketch, Madame."

"True; and now you know why I so commanded," said Madame Varville. "I was soon by no one but myself and your Jews ing of the cane. My grandsons had left it upon the table in my room, with their sketches. I cried out in terror and dismay when I saw it. I knew that it was not a perfect picture of the cane, but the one by which my boy was murdered by the black doctor who had stolen it.

"It is well that I did not say," thought Adraste Scipian. "Mercita might have told me possession."

"Mercita," continued Madame Varville, "what was the name of the trader from whom Sandie Perez purchased you, the name you just mentioned, Adraste Scipian?

"Mr. Lodge."

"Yes, Madame," said Mercita, greatly exciting in not being detected in his falsehood, and in the chance evidence of her memory. "If she," a gesture of respect toward Mercita, "was in a vessel belonging to Captain Sandie Perez, twelve years ago, it is quite probable that she and Mercita were in the port had the honor to tell Madame that at about that time it was the custom of vessels to call the slaves of Captain Perez."

"Go to your cabin, Mercita," said Madame Varville, using her usual tone of calm command. "I will send you word when I wish to speak more to Adraste Scipian."

Mercita obeyed.

"Adraste Scipian," said Madame Varville, very gravely, "you have made a terrible charge against Mercita.

"Madame, I have said that I believe Mercita to be the poisoner," replied Adraste Scipian.

"There is no reason in the world to cause me to suspect Mercita."

"Madame, it was not in her room that I found the bell which I have shown you. I did not call Mercita particularly. When I was called to attend to the poisoning, I noticed that she had slipped into one of my pockets behind—where, I carry many articles—a vial. I knew that she did it. I was perfectly convinced that I was right. I did not permit her nor any one else to perceive that I was conscious of the fact, but in a few moment after I seized an opportunity to examine the vial, found that it was empty, and put it to that pocket. Madame, I already had secret reasons for suspecting Mercita of the effects of a certain poison which, in this vial, had been stolen from my chest. Madame, my pocket was empty when I examined that vial. It was empty up to that instant when I perceived that Mercita had slipped something into it, trusting that the looseness of my cassock and the force with which she struck against me would prevent my perception of the fact. Madame, that vial Mercita slipped into that pocket—my stolen vial of poison—is the vial which I found in the bell which you have shown me."

"Good Heaven! This must go before the Judges."

"No, Madame. I will not testify before the judges, as I am sworn to testify before Varville," replied Scipian firmly.

"Then you are a villain, Adraste Scipian! Or is this some scheme of negro revenge against Mercita, who may have injured you?"

"Madame, I never saw Mercita until the hour I was called in. Madame, the reason why I will not testify before the white judges is that they would condemn Mercita to be burnt alive."

"True, the law of the Spanish slave code decrees as punishment, for poisoning of their owners by slaves, the stake and the fagot," remarked Madame Varville, shuddering.

"And if not condemned to death at the stake, Madame," continued Scipian, "she would be condemned to be hanged. Madame, I am a negro. I have sworn by all that I hold sacred, never to cause the death of any of my race. Besides, Madame, from very my evidence to convict Mercita, I should be looked upon as a traitor to my race and color by all the negroes. Some of them, instigated by Mercita, might kill me by the Voodoo curse. My life would not be safe a moment. My practice, if my life were spared, would be ruined. I should be forced to fly the country. And Madame has promised me not to place me in a worse position than I am."

"Yes, I have. And I will not break my promise, Adraste Scipian. But if the crime be hers, she should be punished. But I can discovery of the crime Mercita should be guilty. I have ever treated her more as a friend than as a servant. I have ever been kind to her. I should be driven to my own years. And she, suspicion, never to even the most trivial act, has she offended against me, or has she offended against any one else, as far as I know, have I offended against her?"

"Yet, Madame, she is the criminal. That fact is as plain to me as the light of the sun. I cannot say that she stole this vial from my bell in the evening but the vial was stolen from that bell. I had but two vials of this poison in my possession. One was in my chest, the other in the bell. Since then I have not been to see it existence. Certainly only these two vials of poison in existence. Both were in my chest three days before your illness. Your illness was caused by this poison. I perceived that Mercita slipped something into your cup. I was convinced that I immediately hied to be the stolen vial. The old woman was among the negroes. She was an aged woman, and the wife of Prium, your slave—a woman who had been treated kindly, and who always been grateful for her own country with the peculiar effects of the poison. Mercita, I am sorry to say, has proved by her confession that you had been Voodooed. Mercita says that Medea she called her, and that she died almost immediately after. Madame, I have told that which I now do, Madame."

"Good, Scipian!"

"That she gave the confection herself to Medea," she said.

"Madame, I—"

"Madame has only to inquire as to that, of Mercita," he said.

"It is not possible that Mercita wished to kill me, and that she had poisoned me with one of what old Medea might be the means of discovery. Mercita would not be so stupid."

"Madame, when one begins a crime, he does not halt to consider. Mercita, as well as your grandsons may have been the intention of Madame's poisoning. We have not the faintest idea that Master Leon had gone to Medea, and would not be home on the night of the first, to partake of his customary evening meal."

"Terrible! what supposition are you feeding, Adraste Scipian?" demanded Madame Varville, greatly alarmed.

But the frown was only to conceal a dread that again plagued the mind of the lawyer.

"We must seek for a cause for this poisoning, Madame."

"Certainly."

"And as it does not seem possible, as yet, that Mercita had any reason to desire to poison a white person, or any one else, and as I have any desire to poison any one member of Madame's family, I am forced to believe that Mercita was the person who, Adraste Scipian, will not testify in this matter before the judges. I will only say, in private to Madame, that which refers to my own safety."

"And the other, Adraste Scipian?" demanded Madame Varville, almost in a whisper.

"Adraste Scipian" commanded the old woman, in a cold and haughty tone.

"Ah, Madame, I am but a negro—"

"Speak, sir!"

"Madame will not repeat my words to any one, I am sure, Madame?"

"I will protect you, Adraste Scipian," replied Madame Varville, in a haughty tone.

"The honor of what noble family is concerned in the Voodooing?"

"Your family, Madame."

"Ah!"

The single ejaculation sounded like a hiss from the mouth of Madame Varville. It was that hiss, sibilant sound that a patient utters when the dentist is a surgeon about to extract a tooth.

"*Grand Cielt!* I had begun to suspect!" moaned Madame Varville, closing her eyes and shuddering.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TWO COUSINS.

We must now speak of Leon de Vargas and Adrian Dudley, the grandsons of Madame Varville.

The cousins were the sons, each an only child, of the twin daughters of Madame Varville. The names of their mothers were Leonie and Antoinette. Leontine wedded Don Diego de Vargas, a Spanish gentleman; and Antoinette wedded Col. Herbert Dudley, once a British officer and afterward a merchant of Louisiana.

In the year of our story, 1796, Leon and Adrian were orphans, young men of about twenty-one years, and cousins of the warmest friendship.

In person they were in many respects alike. In character they were very dissimilar. Each was handsome in face and form, and both had many of the facial features of their mothers, who had been ladies of great loveliness.

A letter had been received from Don de Vargas and Col. Dudley long before they narrated to Madame Varville. Leon and Adrian were cousins, and in a deal between the Spanish and the English governments. The deal was fought before they became the troubadours of the twin sisters, and in this combat the Spaniard was victorious and the Englishman wounded.

Madame Varville, then a widow, for Dr. Varville died about five years before her daughters became acquainted with De Vargas and Dudley, had bitterly opposed to the marriage of either of her daughters to either of the two foreign gentlemen. She deeply believed that each secretly toward the other, and could forgive neither. Her opposition was therefore useless, they to become the wives of those two foes.

But Leontine was passionately in love with Don Vargas, while at the same time Antoinette was devotedly loved Col. Dudley; and the wise warning of their mother fell upon deaf ears.

Ere they became wives Leontine had quarreled with Leon de Vargas, and he and the same was the sentiment of her sister Antoinette toward Adrian Dudley. Each had declared that they hated each other.

"If you wed these men," was the warning of their mother, "it will be because they hate each other as bitterly as they now hate their future husbands."

Don Vargas asked of Madame Varville the hand of her daughter. She bade him burn never again visit her house.

Col. Dudley likewise asked for the hand of his daughter, with the same result.

Then was fought the only occasion—the double elopement—on which Don Vargas and Colonel Dudley ever met. Each bore off his bride, and they hated each other as bitterly as they now hate their future husbands.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

It is he that has all the dislike on his side. I really have Adrian," was the reply of Leon.

Madame Varfville felt that Leon lied. She bowed both, but her heart went more toward Adrian than toward Leon. This last fact she strove to conceal. In her affected air of cynical it, she affected to like Leon better than Adrian.

In this she erred. She deceived the frank Leon; but she did not deceive the observant Adrian.

"I am not deceived," he often said to himself. "Madame Varfville is—is a hypocrite he ever thus coldly designated his grandmother—when about to do, will make a will, by which she will bequeath to Adrian twice as much as she will to me.

From the day he became twenty-one years of age he was vexed in mind by the one question which caused him many a sleepless night. "Has Madame Varfville made a will?"

At about the date of our story, that is, a few days before the skill of Jacques Soleau saved the life of Madame Varfville, he became assured that she had made no will, but that she had spoken of the matter to her lawyer, and that it was her intention, when she should make one, to leave her property equally to Adrian and himself.

Had Leon discovered this sooner than he might have resumed satisfied. But he also discovered—for he was an adroit observer—that Madame Varfville inform her lawyer that in the only case of her grandchildren's survive her, all her wealth was to fall to that survivor.

To Madame Varfville, with that remembrance, Leon was kind. He was kind to her for her mind, let it be supposed by you, that at her death the great bulk of her wealth was to go to charitable purposes, and her grandchildren be left each only such property as might maintain him as a gentleman moderately rich in debt.

Upon her lawyer, though she had not yet made perfect her intention will, she enjoined secrecy. Her lawyer promised it to her. He was a gentleman of attitude, and did not violate the trust reposed in him. But Leon's keen eyes, concealed at the time in a room in that apartment in which the lawyer and Madame Varfville conversed, learnt all.

At the same time he heard his grandmother say to her lawyer:

"I have no fear of the entrance and longer of Leon than of those of Adrian. Were Leon ever to learn that he father fell by the hand of Adrian's father—But let us not speak of that. It is too terrible."

"Madame," Leon heard the lawyer reply, "it happened long ago, in a fury or wine-cup, that the real truth will never be known by Monsieur Leon. Monsieur Adrian may learn it, but he will not. Monsieur Leon will never learn it from me. The matter was hushed up adroitly, twenty years ago. Perhaps only I on and Adrian survive who know the truth, and you are aware that all to be learned was from the lips of the two slaves. They, I am sure, never told that which they did on Louisiana."

"We are well assured, Monsieur Rault," was the reply of Madame Varfville, "that the testimony of those two could not have been faithful, and that, and that alone, was the reason why they were not called to testify in the swamp. Yet I have always believed, I fear, that Monsieur Varfville had been killed by Monsieur Adrian. Monsieur Leon, I am sure, has no fear that his father was killed by Monsieur Adrian's father, but that his father was killed by Col. Dudley."

This conversation took place about a week or two days before the appearance of Adrianite Soleau at Varfville.

When Leon could see where he was able to escape from his place of concealment, unobserved, he left the house as if going to hunt in the woods, but really to consume with himself upon what he had overheard.

He had heard only partially much that we have written. He had heard enough to feel the hatred in his heart for the man pointed out but intended will. He had heard enough to feel assured as well, not that the matter was still in the hands of the lawyer, and that the latter was to visit Madame Varfville upon the 30th of May, at which date she desired to perfect the will, because that by the law of succession were Madame Varfville to die intestate, the whole of her wealth, or by far her property would fall to him and Adrian that were the will to be made as Madame Varfville had dictated, and Adrian were before the did, Leon de Vargas was to inherit after Madame Varfville. But, though Adrian were to die before his grandmother, she might either make another will before her death, and deprive him of much of her estate, or live for years, and thus deprive him of it by that the time, most probably, of her death, he was not so perceiving the incumbent human form to inherit.

The man was lying on his breast, his hands supporting his head, and his elbows resting upon the ground.

Leon, on entering assured Leon that the man was a negro, and that he was engaged in fixedly at something on the ground, or that he had fallen asleep in that position.

A movement of the man's feet told Leon that he was not asleep. The man had been at first thought on seeing the prostrate form.

But it is one of the runaway slaves who live in the swamp," mused Leon. "At first I believed him to be a dead man; but he moved his feet as he is at last slyly, and perhaps asleep, though I cannot see from this point of view. Still, I cannot see from him. I will creep upon the fellow."

As Leon de Vargas was an expert hunter man, and the soft soft and spongy, and the trunks of many trees at hand to aid in the action approach, he had no difficulty in speedily gaining a position so close to the negro that no doubt could have existed him by the Creole-Spaniard had he desired to do so.

But eager first to see what the negro was doing, Leon, on gaining a position in which looking or striking distance, stooped for forward over him as he dared, and discovered that the man had before him a miniature portrait of a beautiful young lady.

The setting of the miniature was of gold, but not of the style familiar to Leon.

He had scarcely discovered that the reminisces negro was gazing at a portrait in miniature, when the man, with a sudden start of emotion, muttered in French, and so loud that Leon readily understood the words:

"Yes, yes! It is Angeline!"

But those words in French might mean any—just like the portrait was angelically beautiful, or that it was the portrait of a lady named Angeline.

Leon still remained silent and motionless, believing that the negro might say more anon, wondering how why this miniature was in the possession of the negro, and admiring with appreciative eyes the splendid beauty of features and expression so depicted on the oval shield of ivory.

But the negro continued to mutter, again and again, only those words in French:

"Yes, yes! It is Angeline!"

Leon stepped back a pace, and cocked his gun with a click.

The click of the steel was to the man on the ground like the sting of a scorpion.

He sprang to his feet with the quickness of a startled tiger, and with a howl like the roar of a wounded tiger uttered this word:

"*Diable!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY LAST HOUSE-HUNTING.

BY AMY SANDOLPS.

"Well, Clara," said Mrs. Litchford, "what luck have you had? Fourteen houses I've looked at, and only two out of the lot are fit to live in. Why, the very latest one is a lovely studio, and the other belongs to an old curmudgeon that won't make a single change, I declare, it is too provoking!"

Miss Clara Leclair shook her not-brown curls, and smoothed her not-blue dress.

"Let's go to the Rocky Mountains and live in a cave," said she. "No modern comfort, no repairs needed! Or let's travel South, and live among the magnificent ruins in Florida!"

"Clara," said Mrs. Litchford querulously, "you are not in the least sympathetic. You are not distressed at our not finding a house. I never was more in earnest in my life!"

"Did you look in Jamaica Plain, though? would suit us!"

"Pshaw, Aunt Comfort, if only we could pay two or three thousand a year rent. But we cannot afford more than half that," and Clara shrugged her shoulders. "There was only one house I liked at all."

"Where was that?"

"*On Lenox*" street."

"That's a pretty locality," said Mrs. Litchford, her faded eyes brightening.

"And large, and in excellent repair, and there is a delightful little green park just across the street, and—and—I'm sure we could afford it!"

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Litchford, "there's always a but."

"The house is owned by a chemist, and he has blown the whole of the back basement out for fire to the wood-work once, and there isn't a bathroom connected with the house, and only a pulley on it. And he wants to reserve the right to experiment in the cellar, and—and—I'm sure I don't know what else."

Mrs. Litchford eyed the fire reflectively.

"I was one day there with a friend to see my rooms but his own," she began, in a meditative way, "and I was very much pleased and agreeable in the small of chemicals—and as Clara, then, as you know, is in the first floor, in my event, if we could—Are the rooms furnished, Clara?"

"Yes, Aunt Comfort, and the furniture is perfect for your use, with a bay-window to the south, and a fireplace in each room. In the basement a pretty dining-room, warmcovered hot-water pipes, and a kitchen with a range the most convenient kitchen I ever was in."

"And in the second story?"

"There are four bedrooms."

"Four bedrooms!" said Mrs. Litch, "and only two of us! Why, Clara, it is cheap for any boney to some nice, quiet, desirable boarders, and still retain possession of the house. Does the chemical gentleman object to boarders?"

"Not in the least—if they don't object to him. I should suppose that was the most probable alternative," Miss Leclair answered, with a merry laugh. "He has a wife and two children, and a mother, I think, and five lots, Aunty, we'll go around and see if we can find anything suitable."

"By all means!" eagerly assented Mrs. Litchford, "and I am determined to be very much."

"There's one thing I didn't mention, Aunt Comfort," added Clara Leclair, rather quickly, "the house is considered haunted by the servants."

Aunt Litchford opened wide her eyes.

"Bad—Gilbert Litchford, you don't know it!"

"Yes, Aunt Comfort," demurely admitted the young lady, "I know it perfectly well. Jane, the up-in-town, and the down is up, and I am such a belle and have learned the whole only a noble old maid that gives music lessons, and—and—I'm sure I don't know what else! However, I have always believed that you need make in our plans and arrangements."

"Did you see him?" breathlessly demanded Aunt Comfort.

"Yes."

"He knew you, of course?"

"Of course."

"What did he say?"

Miss Leclair shrugged her shoulders.

"What should he say? That he would see other gentleman say, on chancing to meet an old—old acquaintance? Of course he was glad to see me, and hoped my aunt was well. It is so very long since—"

"Ah, he's thinking over all those dreadful days!" said Mrs. Litchford.

Poor Phebe, had she not lived Jack so, would have been a very pretty girl. She had first married year, by the recitation of those pieces, and was very much liked by all the boys in the village. She had yield a sincere affection even to wives she cannot comprehend, and had married Jack Cudd because he did. Jack Cudd told his wife how Capital crushed their hopes, and she, in her turn, told her husband that Capital was ever doing to worth trying for.

Such a priority tea table; such a smiling wife! Such a fine, manly husband! Such a dear little baby! Such a darling little boy! Such a dear little dining-room; but with the affluence of Capital, but after some time Phebe, in real difficulty and that particular one.

Why, Jack, as she was, was on a business of that kind than old Trimmer is," said Mrs. Litch. "Why, he's a regular Shylock, Clara!"

"*Of course*," said Kitty, with emphasis.

"Why, Aunt Comfort, you're quite familiar with him. A fat, portly man—ha, ha, ha!—but because he is fat and portly, he can't help it."

"Is he awfully mean," said Kitty. "And Clara I don't know how you can bear him."

White and frightened, Clara hastened upon the subject of the house, and the conversation was resumed.

She cuddled up to her husband as he sat on the sofa, and looked up in his face with a look of love and pity. She was thinking only of him—he of those things that were to her, and was thinking of those things that were little soul she was.

After a while, he went to bed and went to sleep, and the lights were out and the room still for a while; but after some time Phebe, who had not closed her eyes, crept out upon the floor, and, kneeling down by her dressing-gown and throwing into her pocket, stole to the door. She opened it, and looked into the chair before the dying grate fire and looked into the embers. There were pictures there to her—pictures of the past—of a little girl in a white dress sitting on an old man's knee; of a man, the great when whirling and the water dripping below; of the mill-pond, clear as a mirror, reflecting the trees and the sky, and of a little boy.

"Jack's boy, Jack loved me," she said to herself, "always loved me very much. I'm sure I always loved him. I love him still. I reckon he's just as fond of me. Why can't we be little girls and boys with our grandpas, and yet be big girls and marry too? Dear old grandpa, I never was a bit afraid of you then; why should I be now?"

Then she looked and looked at the pictures in the fire, and saw a little, bright-eyed, hard black, gnome, mountains and valleys, trees and rivers. She rode on country place—the mill and the miller, and his little granddaughter.

She could see his white hair, his dear, old blue eyes; she saw him as he looked after the boy's wedding-day, as she drove away with her husband.

"Dear old man," she whispered to herself, as she crept back to bed again, and went to sleep with a tear or two on her cheeks. "I'll do it. Jack would always loved me."

Jack Cudd went to his work next morning comfortably fed and well kissed, but all his trouble returned when his eyes fell upon the heap of copies.

When Mr. Trimmer said cheerfully, "How are you this morning, Cudd?" Jack answered an expression which that might be most well or ill, and made no return of the question. Mr. Trimmer whistled a tune as he looked his desk. Cudd said to himself that Capital was not absolutely tyrannical.

Just then Phebe was posting a letter that she had written to her grandfather, the miller—a letter that was thought over as she looked at the pictures in the fire the night before.

It was a hard letter to write, but a wife will write hard letters for feelings for her husband, if she really loves him. And Phebe set to work to write a letter that she hoped to feel. Perhaps some good would be brought about by this letter that she had done, and that would call her blessed.

Phebe had written home to dinner as fellow-of capital, as would make thousands by it. What would Jack make? He vague to mention.

"And why?" asked Jack. "Why, because he's got capital and then machines, and I'm't. That's why I work Jack's life vague to me, and I shall do the work, and he won't; but he'll have the money."

"Capital is unjust," said Phebe, but may be some day there'll be an improvement."

"I believe in the laboring classes," he said. "Capital will come down, and labor will come back to work."

Some day, now and then forgot to descend upon the wages. He could laugh and talk with his wife, and play with his child, and was proud of a certain amount of work he often. He liked to see her dressed in her new dress, as she stood all ready to go to church. He went to church also, and thought himself a good Christian. He had a little money in his carriage, which was hard to bear, and which was his own invention. On the whole, Tommy Smith was happier, though he could not have explained why, than Jack.

Jack had such pretty, fair-haired boy, and did his best for her. He had been a kind husband to her, and his parents were kind table to the poor, and the first to lend a subscription paper. He was a good neighbor. Anything beneath him, or dependent on him, was kind. Leader of, but anything above him he hated. There was his failing.

Phebe, though she could not explain it, felt that Capital was the world enemy, and that in the household for some time; but at last Jack got to think that he was fighting the pictures as Phebe had two months before, and that Capital was a name with them. The hazy dawning had been so vague, that it had hardly been troubled him.

Phebe had had letters that she had hidden from Jack, and had answered them in the same way. She had also written to her grandfather. Phebe had been out secretly, and had posted them. That was wrong. Phebe had something on her mind, and a secret look in her eyes. Jack thought, I dreamed, I have any cause to—I—I—I—" stammered Jack Cudd, "I—I—I—

A SOLDIER'S DELL.

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

O sweet, very sweet, is the sound of all Bells
That are ringing in the belfry to call to God's
But the tones of this one a new triumph swells
From the homicidal fiat answer'd in mission
divine.

Let the thought not be called but a mere fond
conceit,
From the sanguinary brooding of some Fancy
Free,
That the clanging virtues thus lewingly meet
The glad song of the Angels at the Saviour's
Sabbath morn:

For this bell that is over the Church calling
there,
From a woman was moulded—a woman whose
heart
Often rose to self destruction, while in all the
To the terrible peals man his brother man
smote.

But the cannon at last, after many a fight,
Its all, and soldier fell—Heaven's, as they
Sabbath
And he—will ye hear now not ungodly right?—
Had the cannon from Which he was a Peace angel
wrought.

There it speaks, a blest gift from his own heart
and hands,
To his rural native place. See him at the church
door
When a dozen of love for him now! Over lands
for a man sacred he will serve a man sacred
And the God of God's Sabbath, victorious Bell,
May thy music, prophetic, ring out the old song
the new,
And all nations, by nations so changed, sweetly
"Christ and Peace," the whole Universe
evermore through.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN UNEXPECTED CALAMITY.

The two women quitted the room together, and Estelle stood at the moment Gabriel remounted from the piazza, with a quire-package of papers and magazines which had been ordered from New Orleans, and a single letter for Estelle, which bore the New York postmark.

It was bordered and sealed with black, and for a moment she grew faint with the fear that very bad news was awaiting her. If anything had happened to Mrs. Murray, what would be her fate? Mrs. Murray was almost certainly in a terrible dying condition, and perhaps a fatal one, for she had never been separated from her sister, and her intelligence might detect the imposition others had failed to suspect.

She hurried on toward the house, saying to her companion:

"I must read this alone. It brings sad news, I fear. Will you excuse me if I go over the brook to the solitude of my own chamber."

"I'm not gre'f'ghtened about nothin', Miss Estelle. She is young and strong, and not likely to have anything fatal happen to her. You are dreadfully agitated, and I really think I might as well go home."

Hester turned on her almost fiercely, and stamped her foot.

"I tell you to stay! Stay. Why should you insist on being present? You are impertinent! Leave me, I say!"

She passed abruptly, and with a sudden change of voice and manner, said:

"Pardon me, Marion. I did not mean to speak so rudely to you; but I am vexed with apprehension, and I cannot bear to be seen by any one when I am deeply grieved. My aunt was very dear to me; and if the brings the expected news, she is dead, and I shall have to go and nurse my cousin when I am in that condition. I want to be alone, I will be lonesome enough in the solitude of my own chamber."

"I'm not gre'f'ghtened about nothin', Miss Estelle. She is young and strong, and not likely to have anything fatal happen to her. You are dreadfully agitated, and I really think I might as well go home."

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Hester forced her emotion, and the pressure of Clarice will be a source of great comfort to her. She had not many days to live, and she tried to calm the paroxysms of unquenchable fury that at intervals shook her frame, that she might reflect on the course she must pursue.

She raged through the room like a mad woman, her eyes flashing, her face crimson, her eyes blazing, while she was positively transfigured with fever, or grew white as that letter.

"How dared they—how dared they do this thing, when I had so distinctly stated my plans?" she cried, in a hoarse, choked voice. "I have baffled and foiled, and outwitted, and posted. I could have gone on to the culmination of my schemes, and I would have had it, for I would have had her in my power, and could spoil the end for which I have labored. It is a misfortune to be put and thwarted and spoiled child, but I will do it so deftly that even she shall believe in me. I have only to assume the gentle traits of the sister she has known, and she will be ready to accept the likeness between my double and myself is the result of nature. I have only to assume the exchange which has been made, and she will miss something in the sister she so fondly loves, but she will not suspect the substitution, nor understand the difference between the sublime love which she knows and the love has now to deal with. I can win her over, but I will not be so precipitate as to attempt to meet her. I must be cool for her, I think I could see my way clearly enough. But—but—but—but—but—but! And I must, of course, be cool for myself, and—and—and—I am not. I am a great fool, I know what I am about, and what is best to be done, but I cannot. Stay—is there not something else? Is there not a possibility of Annette's letters to Estelle Landry? I will write to Annette to get and destroy them. Let me see—Fortune, after befriending me so long, will not surely desert me now."

In a few moments the letters of Miss De Lorme were in the fire, and Hester was exclaiming over their contents. Her face darkened with passion, and her eyes flashed with an extravagance of triumph never from fear or fire as she finished her lightning glance over the last one in the package.

"Ah! I thought so! Here it is," and she slowly read the passage, "I will be back in every word!

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A light ran over her face, and Hester went to unbolt it, expecting to find Mrs. Olivier there, but instead, the head and face of Miss Landry would have her tea sent to her room.

The girl carried a lamp in her hand, and she set it down on the table, and then went to the window and looked out for a moment, and then from Hester's hair, and it streamed down over her black dress in rippling waves, her long hair had slipped to one side, and her pale face and glittering eyes looked unearthly in the white mist. Catching her breath with a gulp, Estelle said:

"Lors, Miss Estelle, you looks like a ghost-woman with your hair down. I'll put it up in a minute."

"I thought that ghosts always appear in white, Zelma, and you are dressed in black almost me, except my face. I feel that I am pale, and will go and look in the glass and my great shock. Tell Mrs. Olivier that I will have a cup of tea sent to my room, and that I will lie down. I hope she will come in to me herself, for I am very ill, and I am afraid I shall be left alone. Tell her to make up my dress, for I wish to lie down at once."

Zelma hastened to obey the commands of Hester put on her dressing-gown, and then stretched herself on the bed, and remained seated between the windows.

Now and then light, and bring in my tea. I can take nothing else to-night."

The tea was brought in presently drank, in the hope that it would steady her nerves and calm her mind, but it failed to do either. She speculate, she felt thought at first that she must give to her: for the first time for many weeks she began to doubt her own ability to control being to her. Of late, she had thought only of Raymond and of her coming love, and of her as his wife; but now she shuddered, as the fear that he might not be so devoted as to listen which all her craft could not bridge.

She lay there in the dark, and thought, planning, but never for one moment relinquishing the hope that she would be the good child to her and devoting herself to her dead cousin, and she was preparing herself for the use of any means to enable her to maintain the evil eminence to which she had attained.

Mrs. Olivier took her supper alone, and then wrapping a shawl around her head, she went very in deep and rather bewildering thought, till the time came for her to go to bed, and she could not reconcile the contradictions in the letter she had received. She had schooled herself for feeling suddenly moved her on account of a few words spoken in a moment of excited feeling. Yet she could not quell the conviction that those hasty words were a better key to Hester's true nature, than all the gentle softness which had been assumed to win her over.

When she at length went in, she found Hester lying in the dim room, with a crimson shawl thrown over her, which rendered her face more pallid by the fiery light shed by the shaded lamp.

At first Marion thought she had fallen asleep, but when she hesitated in her approach, a faint, well-modulated voice said:

"Come in, sit by me, Marion, and let us speak in confidence for a few moments of the future of Miss Lorme, for I am very anxious to rest, and you know what has happened. Perhaps you, being a widow, will not go to my aunt as she wished, before I left Boston, that I did not love her; but you are mistaken. I feared that the agitation of a secret, under which I had been compelled to live, to be too much for her, and I acted more for her than for myself in the course I took. I am not a child, I am a woman of mature years, and I am in the place of a mother to me. I cannot tell you how much I love her, and how much I fear that I have failed in my duty to her."

"My dear Estelle, you have my heartfelt sympathy for this irreparable loss. I am glad you will not imagine that I am sitting up in judgment upon you, or that I consider you a deceptive hypocrite which forbids us to do more than pity you. I am sure you have done for her what no good-going Newport was a kind and self-deceiving one, and I now understand it, and you must not be too much disturbed at Mrs. Murray to grieve over her thus. You are dear to me, and I love you, and your voice has been in it."

"But now, have come to my eyes yet, I think if I could weep I should feel better, but I cannot. When my aunt was dangerously ill, perhaps the fountain will then be unsealed, and I can weep. But now, Marion, I am mean time I must bear up as well as I can. It is a terrible misfortune to me to have lost her, for I am left alone in the world as I was long ago, after her own death. It was the most natural thing to do, that I should go to her, and I would not be contented away from me, now that my second mother has gone to the land of the leal."

Marion, who are deeply afflicted never make questions, however apt they may be, and she was not apt to do so now, but she could not help thinking that Hester was making such a criticism at such a moment. By way of response she supposed to be will be left her own, and gently said:

"Yes, my dear Estelle, and the presence of Clarice will be a source of great comfort to you. You will be able to weep with her, and take my place when I go away, and then you will be able to weep alone."

"You—you have had much to bear," replied Mrs. Olivier, in a tone which was a strange change of manner, and the lively tones in which she spoke. "I am sure you must have the role she had to play, and sinking back, she closed her eyes.

Hester was silent for a moment, and the point you referred to just now, that I forget to mention to you. I wrote to my aunt yesterday—to-day was not pleasing to me; but I must have written before I received your letter, my dear Ray, but is therefore entitled to respect—and informed her that I had left Miss Lyman is coming, as her presence here will be a very great comfort to me, and I thought it best I must to like her very well when I was with her. Clarice will be here in a few days."

A silence that lasted some time fell between the two women, then Hester said:

"I am exhausted with all I have gone through, Marion, and if you will go and tell Zelma to tie me, I think I will go to bed. I do not like to ring the bell, for I fear it will disturb Mr. Murray, and make up my mind long, will not surely desert me now."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PETTIFOGGER'S APPEAL.

A Lawyer Pleads His Own Cause.

Joshua T., of New Hampshire—tells a good story of a case he once won in this manner: It was years ago, and the Judge was at the Court-House in Cosgrove, and Joshua's reputation he went West to visit friends and relatives, and was detained by illness. When he arrived he found an old-time acquaintance who had been involved in no inconsiderable and seeing the instincts of his friend's case, he undertook to defend him, and succeeded in getting a verdict. He was a man of very little primitive in the extreme. To an intelligent mind the case would have appeared to both sides. The defendant was a bush-whacking Missourian, and he had a very intelligent, keen and legal contract to the great injury of the plaintiff, a New Hampshire farmer, which had been intrusted to his care, and he had failed to perform the duties of his trust.

Judge Chase entered upon the case with seemingly the most unfavorable circumstances, but they looked like honest men, and he thought that he saw a loophole through which how plain and just was the claim of his client, and he had heard of his remarkable success in several times to the Common Law of Jonathan, and he knew that the Missourians were interested in this learning about the old law, and he knew that the Missourians were interested in this learning about the old law, and he knew that the Missourians were interested in this learning about the old law

THE CHRYSALIS AND BUTTERFLY.

BY LOUISE B. UPHAM.

With happy smiles upon a face
Of beauty, graceful ringlets, tendrils,
A sweet girl sought us, taken with
The fragrance of the meadows.
She brought a shining chrysalis;
We told its wondrous story,
And placed it on a rose-tree near,
To know its dawning glory.

With eager haste she came, next morn,
To watch her tiny treasure;
The chrysalis had burst its prison,
Should rob her of her pleasure.

And lo! upon the window ledge,
There lay her shattered shell;
While, laying with the blushing rose,
A royal robe for a belle.

There shone a brilliant butterfly,
Resplendent in its beauty,
Sipping the rose, as oozing sweets
Were meant for it by duty.

Where now the glory of the prize
But yester-hourly cherished?
All robbed of all that gave it light,
Its one brief night perished!

The dead hush place away from sight;
Hide it beneath green mosses;
Admire its anger and rejoice
Our cherish'd are made from crosses.

MARGARET'S CHOICE.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

The home of John Dempster, house carpenter and builder, was very quiet one afternoon in November, a dreary, cold and stormy day. A stranger had crossed its threshold, with the sad intelligence that the master had met with a fearful accident, and was brought home a corpse. Only a few short hours had passed since a little coffin had been carried across the humble threshold, and a merry-haired, blue-eyed child, John Dempster's only daughter, had been put to rest in the cold, cold earth.

John Dempster grieved as only a loving mother can grieve, when for child she has fondled and nursed for three long years is carried away where she can see it again face to face no more. While she wept, John was on his way home from his shop, where he had come undisturbed work that was pressing sorely upon his hands, but yet the mother was not entirely alone. When she became John Dempster's wife, Margaret Lee, who was then a pretty, genial prepossessor, who had left a boy, six years old at the time of his father's second marriage. A gentle and loving stepmother Mary Dempster had been to the lad; and now, as she sorrowing, he could softly to her side.

The arms clasped her round the neck, two quivering lips were pressed upon her face, and a voice whispered:

"Oh, mamma, I wish God had taken me to Heaven, and left you your own little Maggie."

The woman's heart rose in bitter self-reproach. As her wakeful ears grew for her child, in her selfish sorrow over her bereavement, she had for that she had not taken to Heaven, and was in calling her to mind to grieve with unwarranting life for her darling.

She was an impulsive, warm-hearted woman, and she opened her arms to the sobbing, trembling child at once.

"God bless her, Harry," she said. "I am very glad I have a dear little son to comfort me."

"Yes, very glad!" he echoed, scornfully. "Mrs. Wills said in the parlor that you would not go on as if I had died."

"Mrs. Wills does not know how much you care each other, dear one. Hush, Harry!"

She lay nestled down in the loving embrace, and the sobs grew still, and the weary comforted; and so it happened, that when John Dempster entered his home, he found his wife and her son locked in each other. But she was held in his own arms a brother that caused the father's heart to throb with wild gratitude.

Mary, he said, speaking in the slow, deliberate voice peculiar to her, "I found the child asleep, and, in the midst of the sobbed. She seems hungry cold, and almost as much in need of rest as you are, I think, the other house."

Harry had drawn very near his father as he was speaking.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried, as the child's face was uncovered, "it is Margaret!"

Mary Dempster was not the woman to thrust away the little stranger, foundling, and just the age of the baby she had lost, and a few hours of motherly care made the child quite at home.

They called her Maggie, the pale, dark-eyed child, as unlike Mary's own blossom as flowers could be in the dainty garments of mourning for their own Maggie; and the years rolled away, and no other child was sent to gladden their home, they forgot that this was not indeed their own.

Mary Dempster was aware of it, the father and brother realized it, but between the same undefined difference between this child and the many, reflecting children by whom she was surrounded. At atmosphere of sensitive refinement seemed to shine about the fair, rough childish sports, and as she grew older the women and boys shrank from her proud dark eyes while yet her years were those of a child.

Unfortunately she let from the start her speaking father, the warm-hearted mother, and the merry, loving brother. John Dempster had sent his own son to public school, and Maggie soon recognized the necessity of learning in the girls' department of the same building; after she had graduated from the grammar school, she was sent to a school for young ladies, where she probably would have been with their own daughters, although the hugh had kept his family in comfort, had saved no money for a many day, and his own son knew his own right hand must carve his way to fortune.

Literally carve his way, for Harry had chosen his father's trade, and was serving an apprenticeship to a wood carver. It might have been this work of Harry's that first awoke the artist soul in Maggie, or it may have been the sight of the rude pictures from which he selected his patterns that first guided her fingers in their beautiful work, or the spirit might have been roused without any outside suggestion.

Be that as it may, she was mirrored in the great dark eyes that looked so wistfully seeking upon all nature; it lay hidden in the nervous little hands that never were still about the household. It was latent in the shrinking fear from the tempers of color, from all that was repulsive or hideous, from jarring sounds and from rough words.

Some fifteen years old when Harry was, she determined to excel in his business, brought home, his father, a various upon the rudiments of sculpture and painting. It lay upon the little table in the room where she and Maggie dusted in the morning, and she opened it eagerly. Before she had done the last page, she knew the meaning of the restless longing she had felt, and that the time had come for her to for something above, beyond her homely, happy life.

John Dempster hesitated for a time, but lessons in drawing and painting, and her teacher found her to have the taste and fingers of genius. She worked early and late; she knew no rest in striving for the power to translate by her fingers the language of her soul. It was a strange, passionate, wretchedness of possessing the artist spirit, without the artist power.

She knew that the girl was reaching to heights they neither understood nor cared for; but they made her home happy in their love and tenderness, and hoped she would still be their daughter, even if she became an artist, and the world sought her for her fame.

And the boy, who had given her a brother's devotion from the day she had been brought, a homeless waif, to fill the place of the dead sister, as he reached manhood, knew that no brother's love could content him—that the dark-eyed, quiet girl had taken captive his entire heart, and that in the years to come she must answer his love, or he must flee from her face and country, forever.

He was a large, powerfully built man of twenty-eight, and was a leader and favorite with men, when he told her his love, and asked her to be his wife, she refused him.

The great brown eyes looked dreamily into the eager blue ones, as she answered him:

"Let me study a few years, Harry; let me win my place as an artist before I think of a wife's duties and joys."

"But you love me?"

"I love you," she said softly, and then timidly, as he poured out the fullness of his heart, in passionate gratitude.

The father and mother rejoiced to see the betrothal that was to bind them all more firmly together, though there was no talk of marriage. Harry was prospering, but had no great wealth to offer his bride, and the quiet, unresentful life went on, Margaret studying closely, dreaming her maiden dreams, not of flowers, of riches, or gayety, but of artist renown, and Harry working early and late, proud of what she had learned and was learning, and seemed so far away and unattainable in her humble life.

She was eighteen when, one day, there came to her a shock. In all the letters she got she had never seen her name written upon an envelope, and here was one bearing foreign postmarks, and sent to her from the far off Italy of which she had dreamed.

Trembling, she opened it, to read the mystery of her life in plain words.

She was not the child of her mother, and she was told that the parents who had left her when she was a wee babe, leaving her mother in strange with the words, "Keep her and find the child an inheritance, and had purposely left it in John Dempster's path, hoping he would give it his dear girl's place in his home.

The mother was a beautiful Italian woman of large wealth, who proved a very tyrannical parent, and when the child refused to fly to her mother's arms, and openly abandoned her recital it, and accompanied her husband, who was following him of the child who had secretly watched for long years.

"But my inheritance of dreams!" she cried. Wilcock's Austrian expedition, to establish our commercial relations with the Austrian Empire, and also to make an search of the highest mountain in the world, Mount Everest, in the Himalaya Mountains.

Twenty members of the Royal Geographical Society organized the expedition under Prof. Schoenbrodt, to which Mr. Wilcock was appointed leader. Mr. Wilcock's duties consisted in the general management of the expedition to the Pole, by way of the Sea of Kara; to a Russian expedition to Siberia, and to explore in Nova Zemlaia.

English scientific men are continually finding fault with their Government for its neglect of scientific explorations, and the Wilcock expedition was organized to show that England was not behind. Dr. Joseph D. Hooker, director of the celebrated botanical gardens at Kew, was the first to call the attention of Charles Darwin, Professor Owen, Sir Tyndall, Professor Huxley, and others of like scientific attainments to the matter, and a committee was formed to discuss the question of astronomical science, and to the front rank accepted the idea of an expedition, and it was organized and superintendence. The unsealed for interference with the affairs of the Government, and the

Professor James A. Dana, in the last number of the Century, has a very interesting article, entitled "Characteristics of Volcanoes," which contains the secrets beneath the ocean, but rather the gradual accumulation of lava, ashes, scoriæ, pumice, and scumdings," he says, "have proved that the floor of the ocean is not a region of repose, but that each bream is the theatre of volcanic activity, and that the continents are constantly, and through this destruction, and through the deposition of the materials that the oceans have always been the same.

The world is born that it is not the case, and that Columbia College has been chosen adjunct professor of astronomy and mathematics at Vassar College, and the remains to be suggested that the Vassar College, and the remains to be suggested that the Vassar College, and the remains to be suggested that the